JAN. 7,
1939

Liberty

5¢

Calendar-1939

January

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24/31		26	27	28	29	30

Oct. 12, Legalized in Thirty-Five States and Puerto Rico   Nov. 11, Legalized in Thirty-Three States and Hawaii

THIS GREAT PICTURE HAS CAPTURED A GREAT TRADITION!

. . . Beautiful women, chivalrous men, magnificent race-horses . . . thoroughbreds all! A romantic drama of the Blue Grass country and the Kentucky Derby enriched by the splendors of Technicolor!

Kentucky

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

with

LORETTA YOUNG • RICHARD GREENE

and **WALTER BRENNAN** • **DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE**

KAREN MORLEY • MORONI OLSEN

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote
From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

Ask your theatre manager for KENTUCKY

JANUARY 7, 1939

Liberty

VOL. 16, NO. 1

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

JUST PLAIN DAMN FOOLS

BERNARR MACFADDEN

There are groups of people in this country at this time who are trying to overthrow this government by any means in their power, regardless of their nature.

And to say they are just plain damn fools is a mild expression. They either belong to that class, or else they are paid representatives of some other government or some other groups of people that hope by some change or other they may better their individual positions.

Every one of these individuals, with hardly a single exception, unless mentally deaf, dumb, and blind, realizes that by such a change the citizens of this nation would not better their position. They would trade the liberties they have enjoyed for the regimentation that has become so popular in Europe. They would trade the freedom of the ballot box for the rules and restrictions made by a dictator. They would no longer be free to express themselves . . . the freedom of expression would no longer be possible in this country.

There would be spies in every community . . . hundreds of them . . . in every home in some instances. In Europe, even the children that are sent to school often become spies on their own parents, and sometimes a statement against the government of a child informant means a jail sentence.

And what would happen to our commercial status? Our growth in this field has outdistanced all competitors. We are credited with accomplishing miracles. We have monopolized the inventive genius of the world. Nearly every invention of importance has come to life within the environment of this country. We know that genius is a product of hard work, and tireless efforts of this character must have a powerful incentive, must be offered rewards that are especially enticing; and the slavery of regimentation brings mental stagnation, and the freedom that is represented by the flight of a bird is reduced to the stupor that we see in a plodding mule.

The average thoughtless citizen of this country has not the faintest idea of the value of the advantages which he is enjoying, unless he has lived in some of the foreign countries and has suffered from the espionage and the regimentation which are now so popular in Europe.

The Dies Committee has brought out in an emphatic manner some of the activities of these groups. Their leaders in many instances have dreams of being a dictator here in these United States. They would like to replace the present government, and if any one particular group brings about such a change, their members might better themselves in the same way that the bureaucratic aristocrats of Russia have surrounded themselves with luxuries.

We not only have free speech in this country, but we have the privilege of embracing whatever religion might appeal to us. The Protestants, the Catholics, the Jews, and all the devotees of various religious beliefs have been able to commune peaceably with each other.

There is no reason on earth why this amalgamation of intelligent people should not continue indefinitely, and every thoughtful patriotic citizen of this country is anxious to continue, as we have in the past, to enjoy the tolerant spirit with which this particular government was first formed.

Let us hope that the Dies Committee will be able to brand the activities of these lawless groups in a manner that they deserve. If such activities were initiated in any of the European dictatorial governments, their leaders would be executed with little more than a mock trial, and every one of these fiery-spirited enthusiasts knows he is taking an unfair advantage of the freedom which is extended to our people.

There is a limit, of course, even to free speech. No one would be allowed to yell "Fire!" in a crowded theater, and there are laws against libeling a fellow citizen. Our system allows us unlimited liberty as long as we do not infringe upon the freedom of other citizens. That is the one and only restriction that should limit our liberties.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 54

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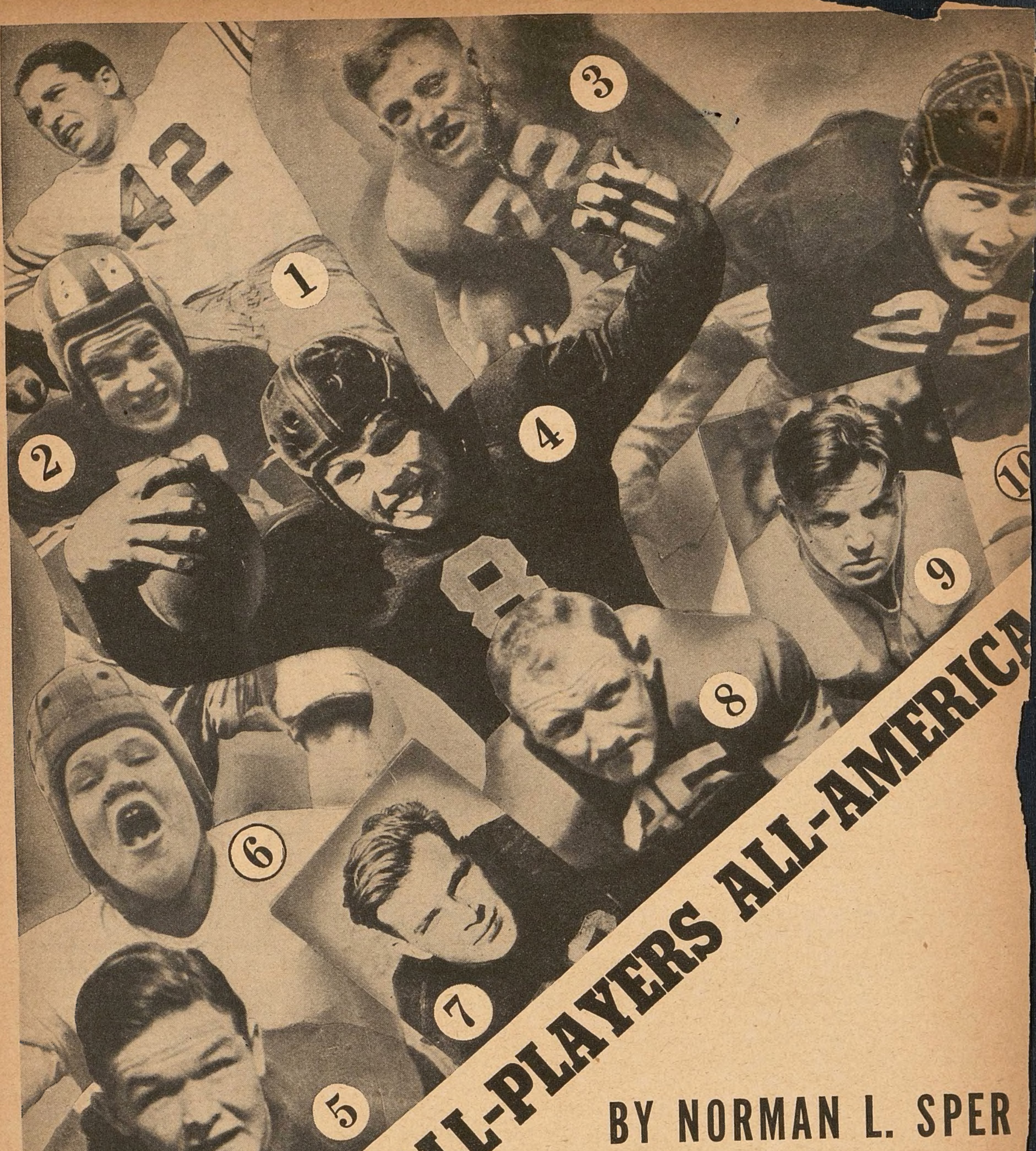


LIBERTY'S ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA

BY NORMAN L. SPER

1—GOLDBERG, PITTSBURGH—FULLBACK
2—MacLEOD, DARTMOUTH—HALFBACK
3—CAFEGO, TENNESSEE—HALFBACK
4—O'BRIEN, TEXAS CHRISTIAN—QUARTERBACK
5—YOUNG, OKLAHOMA—END
6—BEINOR, NOTRE DAME—TACKLE
7—BOCK, IOWA STATE—GUARD
8—HILL, DUKE—CENTER
9—HEIKKINEN, MICHIGAN—GUARD
10—HALE, TEXAS CHRISTIAN—TACKLE
11—BROWN, NOTRE DAME—END

The gridiron greats of 1938, chosen by vote of the 1,721 leading candidates themselves

FOOTBALL TEAM

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

WHAT makes championship football teams click?

Every football coach in the country will tell you that the only answer to that question is "Great material." How great is the football material that you and I and the other forty million frenzied fans see during the football year? If you're a follower of this hectic national sport, your guess is as good as any one of the forty million. At most, you see about twelve games a year, that is if you are in that section of the country where football has become a Christmas and New Year's dish.

Every time you witnessed a game you had to watch twenty-two players at the one time fulfilling their assignment for each play. At best, your eyes could cover only the action of about five players. The rule makers of the game realized that long ago, that is why they have four officials covering every major contest. If it takes four alert field guardians, right there in the thick of the fracas, to cover the twenty-two players and still make mistakes, then we in the stands, in the press box, or on the players' bench cannot reach a just conclusion as to the right values of all the players on the field.

Who can?

The players themselves. They see a more accurate picture of their opponents' values. Their opinions are based on actual experiences. They learn from firsthand knowledge whether a tackle is clean or a block well timed. They know how hard they have been hit by their opposition. Through this intimate contact they learn their opponents' strength and weakness, defensively and offensively.

In Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team for 1938 that is here presented, we offer the voices of 1,721 moleskin wearers from ninety-four major football schools in the country. These 1,721 players were participants in every important football contest, more than 725 of them. Every player in every one of these games was a playing judge for Liberty's All-Players All-America Team. Every game had twenty-two playing judges. Every Saturday these playing judges were weighing the fundamental values of the players they were meeting that day against the players they played against on previous Saturdays.

Before the season was over your reporter dispatched to every one of the major football schools twenty All-Players All-America blanks for twenty lettermen to fill out immediately after their last game of the year. These playing judges then filled in their reports. Each position and the fundamental requisites for that position were judged and valued separately.

When these filled-in forms were returned, your reporter supervised the recording and tabulation. He had no voice in the selections. The eleven players who were given the highest football honors in the land, as well as those players that grace the alternate teams and the All-Sectional squads, were selected by the players themselves. No one else.

The final tabulation showed us that no player this year was given a unanimous vote. However, two players, one a lineman and the other a backfield man, lacked one vote apiece for a perfect record. The backfield player was the 150-pound David O'Brien, the half-pint quarterback from Texas Christian; and the lineman, Earl Brown, Jr., Notre Dame's outstanding end.

The football yardstick, the statistics that players and teams make, substantiates the players' choice. These figures verify that no other one backfield man in the country has a record that can equal what this "little" man from the big Texas team from Fort Worth has done with a football. In the ten scheduled games this year he alone gained 2,589 yards through the line and by passes. Comparing this with the available yardage made by football greats of other years we find that Little Davey leads the pack. Byron "Whizzer" White, 1937's Number One player, is credited with 1,596 total yards. In 1936 Sammy Baugh, another Texas Christian player, totaled 1,890 yards. Way back in 1924 Harold "Red" Grange, Illinois' contribution to football's Hall of Fame, was responsible for some 1,684 yards during his final football year.

Davey O'Brien's record as a forward passer puts him way out ahead of any one player to use that weapon on the football field. O'Brien threw 167 forward passes, and completed 93 of them. The remarkable part of that record is that 19 of them were touchdowns and only 4 of the 167 passes were intercepted.

The 93 completed passes gained a total of 1,509 yards, or an average of 17 plus yards on each pass thrown. His average of completions against those that were thrown is .557 per cent.

Of the 114 players who played against the T. C. U. star and whose forms were returned, 113 registered their vote for O'Brien as the best quarterback they had played against all year. This gave him a voting percentage of .991. In fundamentals he received a percentage of .944. When the fundamental and voting percentages were averaged, we found that Davey O'Brien's percentage of .967 was the best total composite percentage of any one player in the country.

George Cafego, the only junior to make the 1938 All-Players Team, who was chosen as one of the halfbacks, has been appropriately named "Bad News" Cafego. This whirling dervish of the football field is considered by his opponents as the best halfback of the year.

Cafego's teammate at the other halfback post went to Robert MacLeod, Dartmouth's outstanding star. Up at Hanover, New Hampshire, they call him a "coach's dream." He has been the spark plug of the Big Green squad for the past three years.

The players who opposed Cafego and MacLeod gave them an almost identical rating and percentage. In fundamentals there was one one-point difference between the two. When the votes were counted almost the same difference prevailed. Cafego led MacLeod in fundamental percentages, while it was the other way around in vote percentages. The Tennessean's total composite values were judged and rated at .934 plus, while the Dartmouth player pressed him with a composite total of .934. These two were fully seven points better than any of the other 212 halfbacks who were nominated and voted on by their opponents.

Marshall Goldberg, Pittsburgh's 1937 halfback, whom Coach Jock Sutherland converted into a fullback for his 1938 campaign, lived up to all that the canny Scot mentor expected of him. The players—and there were 106 who had played against him and whose returns were recorded—gave him a fundamental percentage of .938. Of these 106 players, 100 voiced Goldberg as their preference for the fullback berth. This gave him a voting percentage of .943; couple that with his fundamental average of .938 and he has composite values of .940 per cent.

Notre Dame's Earl Brown won a vote percentage of .987. When these players voted on his essential values as an end, his ability in speed, ability in covering punts, charging, blocking, running interference, defense against running attack, receiving forward passes, they gave him a percentage of .931, or a composite percentage of .959, just eight points behind Davey O'Brien.

The other flankman to gain national recognition by the players was Walter Young of Oklahoma. His almost perfect play gave Tom Stidham and his Oklahoma team the Big Six Conference championship. The players gave Young a composite valuation of .927 per cent.

It was surprising to note that there were not many star tackles. On the Pacific Coast there were less good tackles playing football than in any one section of the country. Of the two tackles who were named on the All-Players Team one is a repeater. He is I. B. Hale, the 232-pound tackle of Texas Christian. Hale was honored by the players last year for the tackle berth and he is the only player on this year's squad who was named last year. Oddly enough, it was Hale who edged Joe Beinor of Notre Dame out of the All-Players All-America First Team in 1937. This year Beinor forged ahead of Hale, but the Texas Christian giant tackle came through with a big enough average to earn the tackle post for his second year. Coach Meyer of Texas Christian and Coach Layden of Notre Dame placed two players on the 1938 squad. The University of Minnesota was behind Beinor with a 100-per-cent vote, as were the Army players, but his percentage average took a slight drop when Navy's returns were figured up. Illinois and his other opponents gave him a high average.

Hale is the heaviest player on the team. Texas Christian also gave the All-Players Team the lightest man in Davey O'Brien, the 150-pounder.

The players named Ed Bock of Iowa State and Ralph Heikkinen of Michigan, the country's outstanding guards. Only two votes separated Bock from a perfect voting record. He was the unanimous choice of the Oklahoma, Marquette, and Drake players. Two other teams each missed him once. Minnesota was the only team that gave Heikkinen their unanimous support.

The center was the hardest position to fill. It was a constant battle between Ki Aldrich of Texas Christian and Dan Hill of Duke. It was close every bit of the way, until this story was written. It was then that the Marquette and Temple returns were registered. Of the eighteen Marquette players only fifteen gave Aldrich their vote. Fourteen of the seventeen Temple players came through for him. On the other hand, Hill lacked only three votes for a perfect voting average. In fundamentals their averages were almost alike, Hill taking a slight lead because of his great defensive record.

THE END

All-Players All-America Second and Third and All-Sectional Teams

THE SECOND TEAM			THE THIRD TEAM	
Wyatt	Tennessee	End	Jacunski	Fordham
McKeever	Cornell	Tackle	Booth	Harvard
Suffridge	Tennessee	Guard	Twedell	Minnesota
Aldrich	Texas Christian	Center	Ryland	U. C. L. A.
Zitrides	Dartmouth	Guard	Smith	Southern California
Russell	Auburn	Tackle	Kuzman	Fordham
Daddio	Pittsburgh	End	Holland	Cornell
Carnelly	Carnegie Tech.	Quarter	Patterson	Baylor
Bottari	California	Half	Pingel	Michigan State
Harmon	Michigan	Half	Tipton	Duke
Hall	Mississippi	Full	Luckman	Columbia

HONORABLE MENTION

ENDS: Prasse, Iowa; Shirk, Oklahoma; Goins, Clemson; Craig, South Carolina; MacDowell, Washington; Knap, Idaho; Franklin, Vanderbilt; Boyd, Baylor; Dewell, Southern Methodist; Waters, Brigham Young; Powers, Denver; Looney, Texas Christian; Sprague, Southern Methodist; Telesmanic, Univ. of San Francisco; Krueger, Southern California; Strode, U. C. L. A.; Dolman, California; Wendlick, Oregon State; Bettencourt, St. Mary's; Anahu, Santa Clara; Warren, Alabama; McElreath, Vanderbilt; Walker, Florida; Wenzel, Tulane; Kavanaugh, Louisiana State; Perdue, Duke; Heileman, Iowa State; Dickenson, Missouri; Walters, Temple; Green, Harvard; Daughters, Harvard; Siegal, Columbia; Nowaskey, George Washington; Powell, Navy; Wemple, Colgate; Spang, Cornell; Wysocki, Villanova; Goodreault, Boston College; McMillan, Detroit; Petrick, Indiana; Diehl, Northwestern; Diehl, Michigan State; Gainor, North Dakota State; Nash, Minnesota.

TACKLES: Voigts, Northwestern; Duggan, Oklahoma; Davis, Kansas State; Goff, Florida; Pennington, Clemson; Wolff, Santa Clara; De Varona, California; Gatto, Louisiana State; Boyd, Texas A. & M.; McGarry, Utah; Brill, Colorado; Hines, Rice; White, Texas Christian; Sanders, Southern Methodist; Cantwell, St. Mary's; Zagar, Stanford; Farman, Washington State; Davis, Alabama; Kirchem, Tulane; Holdgraf, Vanderbilt; White, Tulane; Coon, North Carolina State; Fronczek, Richmond; Coop, Centre; Thomas, Tulsa; Janke, Michigan; Kaplanoff, Ohio State; Schoenbaum, Ohio State; Siegel, Michigan; Haak, Indiana; Mihal, Purdue; Beer, Detroit; Crisci, Western Reserve; Kell, Notre Dame; Pederson, Minnesota; Wright, Columbia; Palmer, Temple; Shinn, Pennsylvania; Frank, Georgetown; Delaney, Holy Cross; Stella, Army; Critchfield, Duquesne; Campbell, Carnegie Tech.

GUARDS: Hooper, Syracuse; Waldorf, Missouri; Trunzo, Wake Forest; Maronic, North Carolina; Smith, Southern California; Hutchins, Oregon State; Dailey, Tulane; Kline, Texas Christian; Landry, Rice; Geary, Utah; Lloyd, Brigham Young; Taylor, Texas Christian; Sanders, Southern Methodist; Rhodes, Texas; Yorke, Duke; Benedetti, San Francisco; Ginney, Santa Clara; Molinski, Tennessee; Bostick, Alabama; Howell, Auburn; Wofford, Furman; Battista, Florida; Guimento, Miami (Fla.); McGoldrick, Notre Dame; Logan, Indiana; Guritz, Northwestern; Rockenbach, Michigan State; Hovland, Wisconsin; Turner, Holy Cross; Roth, Cornell; Lorusso, Temple; Kaufman, Northeastern; Mellen, Harvard; Kochel, Fordham; Lucy, Colgate; Pariseau, Providence; Lezouski, Pittsburgh; Reordan, Boston College; Means, Washington.

CENTERS: Gibson, Dartmouth; Murray, Wisconsin; Brock, Nebraska; Maughan, Utah State; Hinkebein, Kentucky; Calvelli, Stanford; Dowd, St. Mary's; Greenfield, Arizona; Matasovic, Montana; McNeil, Southern California; Smith, Tulane; Lumpkin, Georgia; Kinnison, Missouri; Walker, Boston University; Van Ranst, Cornell; Casey. Princeton; Chisick, Villanova; Grabinski, Duquesne; Haman, Northwestern; Morningstar, Purdue; Longhi, Notre Dame; Conlin, N. Y. U.; Chivington, Georgia Tech.

BACKS: Moore, Minnesota; Buhler, Minnesota; Kischer, Iowa State; Christman, Missouri; Anderson, California; McCullough, Oklahoma; Manders, Drake; Winger, Utah State; Winterholler, Wyoming; Snow, Utah; Soffe, Brigham Young; Shu, V. M. I.; Davis, Davidson; O'Mara, Duke; Canadeo, Gonzaga; Washington, U. C. L. A.; Hoffman, Southern California; Bradford, Alabama; Brunner, Tulane; Smith, Southwestern; Heineman, El Paso Mines; Rogers, Texas A. & M.; Klotovick, St. Mary's; Fay, Stanford; Lansdell, Southern California; McCarthy, Santa Clara; Kisselburgh, Oregon State; Gebhardt, Oregon; Johnson, Washington; Hopp, Nebraska; Boell, N. Y. U.; Buck, Villanova; Stebbins, Pittsburgh; Wilson, Harvard; Hutchinson, Dartmouth; Reagan, Pennsylvania; Taylor, Columbia; O'Rourke, Boston College; Basca, Villanova; Long, Army; Evashevski, Michigan; Kabealo, Ohio State; Graham, Indiana; Sitko, Notre Dame; Bellin, Wisconsin; Weiss, Wisconsin; Palumbo, Detroit; Faust, Minnesota; Sparks, Texas Christian; Schuehle, Rice; Kimbrough, Texas A. & M.; Smilanich, Arizona; Sangster, Southern California; Kohler, Oregon State; Edwards, Wake Forest; Fordham, Georgia; Hall, Mississippi; Reupke, Iowa State; Thesing, Notre Dame; Saggua, Notre Dame; Osmanski, Holy Cross; Hall, Brown; Lee, Carnegie Tech.; Howe, Dartmouth; Peck, Cornell; Hearn, Fordham; Cordill, Rice; Hall, Texas Christian; Atwood, Arkansas; Tarbox, Texas Tech.; Todd, Texas A. & M.; Eakin, Arkansas; Roise, Idaho; Foxx, Tennessee; Kelly, Auburn; Cassiano, Pittsburgh; Sidat-Singh, Syracuse; Lukac, Temple; Radvilas, Columbia; Mountain, Princeton; Eshmont, Fordham; Rollins, Penn State; Thompson, Tulsa; Brock, Purdue; Jefferson, Northwestern; Langhurst, Ohio State; Hoague, Colgate; Lube, Colgate; Muha, Carnegie Tech.

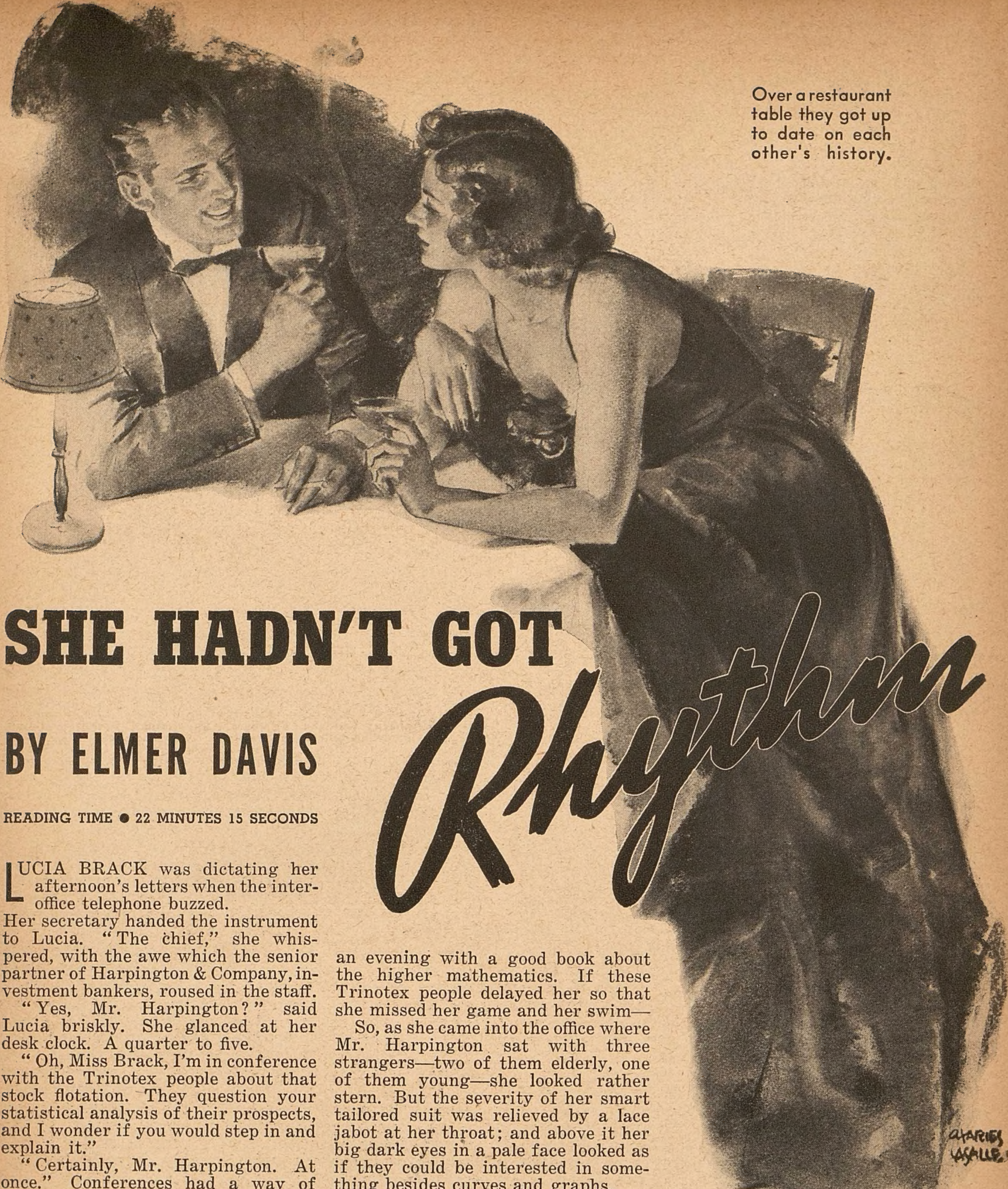
ALL-SECTIONAL TEAMS

SOUTH ATLANTIC			PACIFIC	
Goins	Clemson	End	MacDowell	Washington
Goff	Florida	Tackle	Wolff	Santa Clara
Trunzo	Wake Forest	Guard	Smith	Southern California
Hill	Duke	Center	Ryland	U. C. L. A.
Maronic	North Carolina	Guard	Hutchins	Oregon State
Pennington	Clemson	Tackle	De Varona	California
Craig	South Carolina	End	Knap	Idaho
Davis	Davidson	Quarter	Canadeo	Gonzaga
Tipton	Duke	Half	Bottari	California
Shu	V. M. I.	Half	Washington	U. C. L. A.
O'Mara	Duke	Full	Hoffman	Southern California

SOUTHERN			EAST	
Wyatt	Tennessee	End	Holland	Cornell
Russell	Auburn	Tackle	McKeever	Cornell
Suffridge	Tennessee	Guard	Zitrides	Dartmouth
Chivington	Georgia Tech.	Center	Gibson	Dartmouth
Dailey	Tulane	Guard	Hooper	Syracuse
Gatto	Louisiana State	Tackle	Kuzman	Fordham
Franklin	Vanderbilt	End	Daddio	Pittsburgh
Bradford	Alabama	Quarter	Carnelly	Carnegie Tech.
Cafego	Tennessee	Half	MacLeod	Dartmouth
Brunner	Tulane	Half	Luckman	Columbia
Hall	Mississippi	Full	Goldberg	Pittsburgh

MIDWEST			MISSOURI VALLEY	
Brown	Notre Dame	End	Young	Oklahoma
Beinor	Notre Dame	Tackle	Duggan	Oklahoma
Heikkinen	Michigan	Guard	Bock	Iowa State
Murray	Wisconsin	Center	Brock	Nebraska
Twedell	Minnesota	Guard	Waldorf	Missouri
Voigts	Northwestern	Tackle	Davis	Kansas State
Prasse	Iowa	End	Shirk	Oklahoma
Moore	Minnesota	Quarter	Kischer	Iowa State
Harmon	Michigan	Half	Christman	Missouri
Pingel	Michigan State	Half	McCullough	Oklahoma
Buhler	Minnesota	Full	Manders	Drake

SOUTHWEST			ROCKY MOUNTAIN	
Boyd	Baylor	End	Waters	Brigham Young
Hale	Texas Christian	Tackle	McGarry	Utah
Kline	Texas Christian	Guard	Geary	Utah
Aldrich	Texas Christian	Center	Maughan	Utah State
Landry	Rice	Guard	Lloyd	Brigham Young
Boyd	Texas A. & M.	Tackle	Brill	Colorado
Dewell	Southern Methodist	End	Powers	Denver
O'Brien	Texas Christian	Quarter	Winger	Utah State
Tarbox	Texas Tech.	Half	Winterholler	Wyoming
Todd	Texas A. & M.	Half	Snow	Utah
Eakin	Arkansas	Full	Soffe	Brigham Young



Over a restaurant table they got up to date on each other's history.

SHE HADN'T GOT *Rhythm*

BY ELMER DAVIS

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

LUCIA BRACK was dictating her afternoon's letters when the interoffice telephone buzzed. Her secretary handed the instrument to Lucia. "The chief," she whispered, with the awe which the senior partner of Harpington & Company, investment bankers, roused in the staff.

"Yes, Mr. Harpington?" said Lucia briskly. She glanced at her desk clock. A quarter to five.

"Oh, Miss Brack, I'm in conference with the Trinotex people about that stock flotation. They question your statistical analysis of their prospects, and I wonder if you would step in and explain it."

"Certainly, Mr. Harpington. At once." Conferences had a way of running on.

"Will you call my club," she said to her secretary, "and leave a message for Miss Lincott that I may be late for our squash game?"

She wasn't particularly good at squash; but her doctor had told her that she owed it to herself and her job to keep fit. Now, after a day at the desk, she looked forward to a lively game, and a plunge in the pool, and dinner at the club with some of the women who lived there; and then an evening with a good book about the higher mathematics. If these Trinotex people delayed her so that she missed her game and her swim—

So, as she came into the office where Mr. Harpington sat with three strangers—two of them elderly, one of them young—she looked rather stern. But the severity of her smart tailored suit was relieved by a lace jabot at her throat; and above it her big dark eyes in a pale face looked as if they could be interested in something besides curves and graphs.

"This, gentlemen," said Mr. Harpington, "is Miss Brack, our chief statistician." A startled grin spread over the young man's face. "Mr. Smith, Miss Brack—chairman of the board of the Trinotex Corporation. And Mr. Lalor, the president; and Mr. Halstead, his assistant—"

Griffith Halstead! She hadn't seen him since she was twelve years old and he fifteen (the families had lost contact after their fathers died); and now the sight of his smooth assurance

Two hearts in swing time! The vivid, human story of a lost-and-found romance

woke once more that old hopeless sense of inferiority, hatred blended with reluctant admiration. She blushed crimson, never dreaming how color became her.

"I'll let her explain, gentlemen, why we find it inadvisable to float any further capital issues for Trinotex."

Her knees stiffened, her dazed confusion cleared up like fog before the sunshine. This was her stuff and she knew it.

"But, hang it!" Mr. Lalor exploded, when she had finished. "She's practically telling us our business has reached its peak. She's wrong! She's got to be wrong!"

"Miss Brack is not in the habit of being wrong," said Mr. Harpington.

They sat and argued with him, but he was immovable—Because he trusts me, thought Lucia proudly. But her pride subsided as she looked at Griff Halstead and remembered. What was her technical skill beside what he had always had—personality, smoothness, grace? The conference broke up at last. She slipped out unobtrusively—and found him beside her.

"Well!" he said with a grin. "I haven't seen you since—"

"Since that summer at the lake," she recalled miserably, "when I was the curse of your existence. You won all the prizes at everything and I was no good at anything—just an awkward, long-legged colt, all eyes and elbows. But because our families lived next door, and our fathers had roomed together in college, you had to be nice to me—and how you hated it!"

"I didn't!" he protested. Down the corridor, the other men from Trinotex were moving toward the elevator. "I've got to go with my chief," he said. "The point is, Lucia, have you got a date for dinner?"

When she met Griff Halstead in the club lounge, a wine-red dinner gown setting off her dark hair, she knew that the admiration in his eyes wasn't for her skill as a statistician. Over a restaurant table they got up to date on each other's history; and then he told her, with a flattering respect:

"But I never dreamed that the next time I saw you you'd pry me loose from my job." She gasped. "I've had an offer from Federal Chemicals," he said, "and I telegraphed acceptance this evening. I thought I had quite a future in Trinotex, but if Trinotex has none—"

"I didn't say that, Griff. Only that the demand won't increase much."

"Who wants to be stuck in a business that's standing still, when everything else is booming? You convinced my chief, too; he'll find somebody else to float that preferred issue; but when I heard him phone his broker to sell most of his holdings of common, I resigned." Again she felt that surge of pride. "That's very nice music they have here," he said. "Let's dance, Lucia."

She sat motionless, all that old shamed inferiority flooding back.

"Dance?" she said. "I'm not as bad as I used to be, but—have you forgotten that summer at the lake? You danced like—like a young Astaire, and I was the awkwardest girl on the floor. But because our families were such great friends, your mother—yours, not mine—used to throw me at you, stick you with me at all the children's dances. She—she used to pay you a quarter every Saturday evening to dance with me. Have you forgotten?"

"I seem to remember," he admitted, grinning. "But nobody's paying me a quarter now and I'm still asking you to dance with me. How about it?"

She felt herself rising—his assurance was irresistible—and two minutes later she was dancing better than she had ever done in her life.

"But you dance marvelously!" he whispered in her ear. His conscience told him he knew forty girls who danced better—or would have told him if his cheek hadn't been brushed by her scented hair, if he hadn't been conscious of her lithe body in the curve of his arm. Little Lucia Brack grown up into this gorgeous creature—

THEY had been married a little over a year before she felt again that shamed sense of inferiority, that old helpless admiration blended with something that was almost hatred—hatred for the man she loved.

His parents had left him a house in the Westchester suburb where he had grown up; and, since they wanted to start their family right away, they went to live there—in a town where everybody was ready to welcome his wife, whoever she might be. Miss Brack of Harpington & Company was nobody they had ever heard of; her standing was that of Mrs. Griffith Halstead.

That didn't matter—much. But when they went to their first dance at the club, several women were audibly delighted at the return of the best partner they had ever had. Lucia could dance well enough with Griff, but with the ordinary run of hoppers and hobblers she hopped and hobbled too. Griff began coaching her tactfully (at least he tried to be tactful). She knew he was only trying to improve one of her weak points, as she was trying to educate his rather flamboyant taste in shirts and socks. Still, she couldn't help remembering that when he was just beginning to fall in love with her he had told her that she danced marvelously. On the whole, it was a relief when her first pregnancy gave her an excuse for staying away from the club dances. He would loyally have stayed at home with her; but she told him that would be silly, when he danced so well and loved it so.

WHEN the baby was a month old she reappeared at the club on Saturday night. Everybody congratulated her (for having done what any woman could do) and told her that she looked so well (she knew she didn't). But amid the babble she somehow overheard a remark addressed to her husband by a woman she didn't like who danced beautifully.

"Well, Griff, I suppose I won't get so many dances with my favorite partner now."

And he answered, with a rather self-conscious laugh, "Don't worry, Harriet. I'll be with you as often as I can."

As if I were a duty! thought Lucia as he took her out for the first waltz. Rising jealousy took her mind off her feet. Once around the floor and she stopped.

"I don't feel up to dancing yet, Griff. Go cut in on Harriet."

Nothing was quite the same after that. She loved him but she was jealous—not of Harriet, for she knew Harriet was no more to him than the best of his dancing partners. She was jealous of his brilliance and popularity. Miss Brack of Harpington's had been somebody in her own right; Mrs. Griffith Halstead was only the shy, well meaning little creature whom the most attractive man in town had happened to marry. She supposed she was a fool to feel that dancing—well—was the most important thing on earth; but when none of the people she called her friends now knew anything about the sort of thing she could do well, and they could all appreciate Griff—

But presently she—and he—had other things to worry about. Griff lost his job early in 1931; but he got another so promptly, and such a good one, that they were happy to have another child. Just after it was born his company went into receivership. They had to let the nurse go, and then the maid. But before their savings were quite gone he had another job, and kept it till the epidemic of bank closings. That time they lost the house before he had work again; but the little cottage they rented on the wrong side of the tracks was handier, now that Lucia had to do all the work herself. And at the club on Saturday night Griffith Halstead was still the brightest, most popular, most cheerful figure.

"Your husband is wonderful," people told Lucia. "He keeps up his courage and everybody else's. He's practically a public utility."

But Lucia, who had been a business woman, couldn't help coldly appraising him as a business man. He had been a big success on a rising market; but about the essence of business—what makes it go, what makes it stop—he knew far less than she did. He got by in business, as everywhere, on his personality and charm.

The next time he came home and told her he had lost his job she forgot all her cold mathematical analysis in a rush of love and pity. For the first time, he looked licked.

"It doesn't matter, honey!" she told him with her arms around him. "You'll find something else; you always do."

He laughed cheerlessly. (*Continued on page 10*)

What's the best clue to a good whiskey?

To connoisseurs of wine, the first clue to greatness in champagnes and sherries is DRYNESS. It is this same quality...this lack of sweetness...that more and more men are looking for today in whiskey... and finding in Paul Jones, a truly DRY whiskey. And DRYNESS is only one of many charming qualities you'll discover in this superb whiskey ...qualities that have made Paul Jones famous as "A Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1865." So if you're wise, you'll be sure to remember to try DRY Paul Jones Whiskey right away.... at your favorite bar, or at home.

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IT'S DRY*

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*DRY means *not sweet*

(*Continued from page 8*) He sat around the house all evening, looking blue; till at last she said:

"Why don't you let me take a turn at it, Griff?" He stared blankly. "I was worth a good salary once," she reminded him. "Mr. Harpington is dead and somebody else has my old job, but they haven't forgotten me."

"You?" he exploded. "Let you earn my living?"

"Why not? I used to earn mine, but I've let you earn it for years. Mrs. Wills started a day nursery after her husband died, and she doesn't charge much. We could leave the children with her and both look for work."

It wasn't their first quarrel, but it was the first time they had ever gone to sleep without making it up. They breakfasted next morning in sour silence; and after breakfast, without any more argument, she took the children to the day nursery and went into town to look for a job.

THEY remembered her flatteringly at Harpington's, but they had no vacancy. They gave her letters to other people, who gave her letters to other people—and a couple of weeks of that sort of thing gave her a new respect for Griff. Any man who could go through that, over and over, and still keep smiling, must be pretty good.

He, too, had begun to come into town—on a different train—to look for work, and one day they happened to meet on lower Broadway. Taken off guard by the unexpectedness of it, they both smiled cheerily.

"Any luck?" he asked. She shook her head. "Then I'll buy you a cup of coffee," he offered.

Side by side on stools at a lunch counter, they smiled again.

"How do you find it?" he asked her. "Pretty tough on the feet?"

"Not only the feet, Griff. The self-esteem takes a beating, too. My dear, I'm so proud of you—"

When they slipped down from their stools to go on their separate quests, she kissed him good-by and felt that everything was all right again. And it might have stayed all right if she hadn't got a job that afternoon.

"Only fifty a week," she told him when she came home. "But I guess we can get by on that . . . till you find something," she added, just a moment too late. "Griff," she said helplessly, "aren't you glad? For the children—"

"I ought to be glad, I suppose. If I can't support my children—"

"But, my dear, what's mine is yours and what's ours is theirs. . . . Griff, you kissed me today—in a lunchroom, before a crowd—and wished me luck. Now that I've had some luck, won't you—don't you want to kiss me again?"

"When you support me? I may be a good dancer but I'm not a gigolo!"

"Oh," she said. "Then what was I, all the years when you supported me? . . . I'll have to get up early of mornings after this, so I guess I'd better move to the cot in the nursery."

It was a point of self-respect not to come back till she was invited—and a point of his self-respect, apparently, not to invite her. They were polite enough to each other, with a nervous, hair-trigger politeness; but they kept out of each other's way. She got up early enough in the morning to get her breakfast and the children's, and wash the dishes before he was out of bed. He took the children to the day nursery, and brought them home in the evening, and got their supper and his; and she came home dog-tired, just in time to tell them good night. Then she got herself something to eat and went to bed early. And so on, over and over. . . .

One evening he told her he had a job. He didn't seem very happy about it.

"It's not much," he said. "A guaranty of twenty-five a week. But there's a sliding scale of commissions; I might do pretty well. And I don't start work till one o'clock; I can look after the children of mornings—"

"We'll hire a maid," she said. "Part-time, at least; we can afford it with both of us working. But what queer hours, Griff! What sort of a job is it?"

He hesitated before he answered.

"Selling," he said. "I—I—sell to women—"

"Griff! You're not ringing doorbells?"

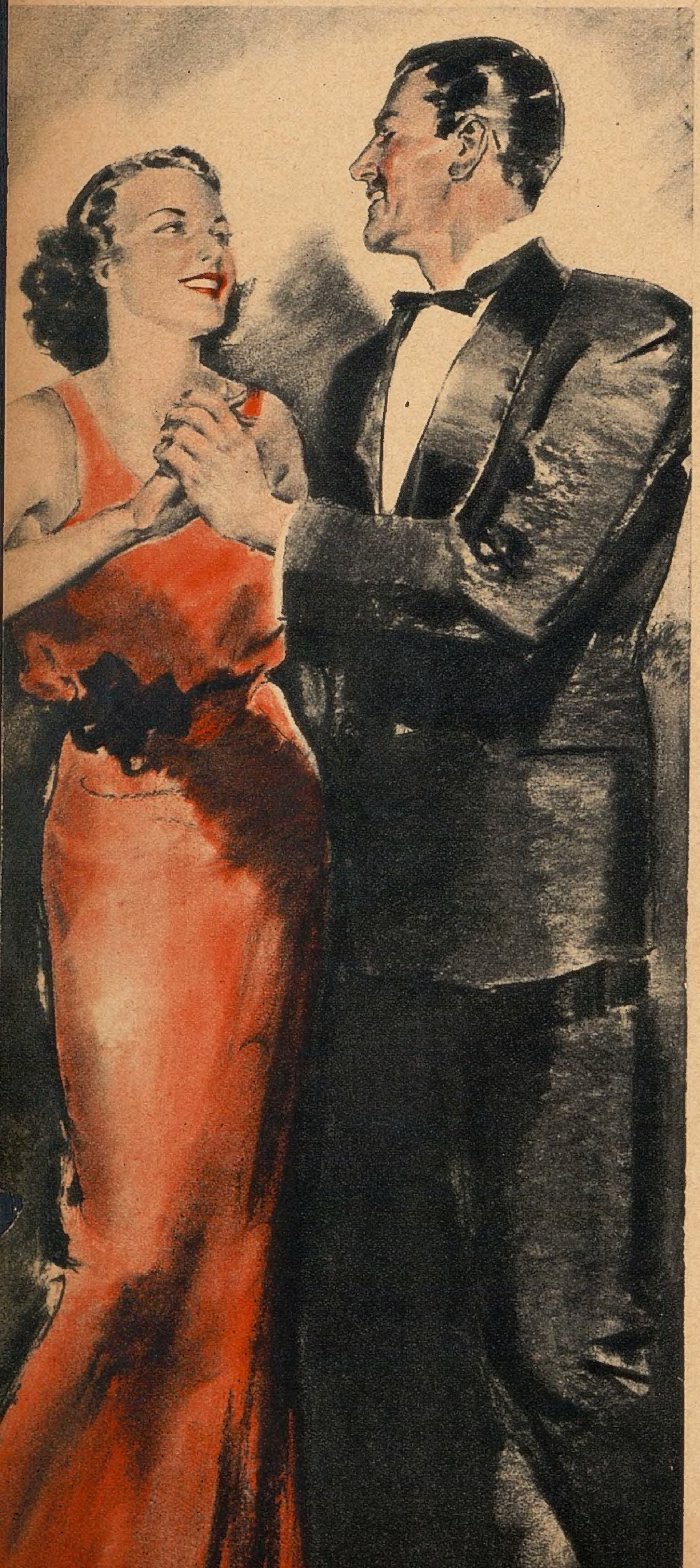
He said it wasn't anything like that.

"But what are you selling?" she persisted.

"A gadget." She saw he wasn't going into details.

"Anyway, it's a job," she said happily, and waited for him to tell her that now it was time to end this nonsense of the cot in the nursery.

"Yes, it's a job. . . . I've been thinking myself over, Lucia. I'm not much of a business man. What I've got to sell is my personality; if I can sell it still— Well, we'll see. . . . I'm all in; guess I'd better go to bed."



"Well, Griff, I suppose I won't get so many dances with my favorite partner now."

ILLUSTRATED
BY
CHARLES LA SALLE

After that she hardly saw him at all. They had a maid now, but Griff was still asleep when Lucia left in the morning and he came in long after she had gone to bed. On Saturday he didn't have to work in the evening. He came home in time for a late dinner, and sat around the house afterward in weary silence.

She was sure now that he was ringing doorbells. However, the first week he made thirty-eight dollars, the next week fifty. The Halstead family seemed to have turned the corner, for Lucia had had a raise to sixty-five. But she didn't intend to take success for granted; she worked harder than ever—and presently began to feel tired and headachy and run-down.

"Why shouldn't you?" her doctor asked, when she told him her symptoms. (This was the Manhattan doctor she had had before she was married; she wouldn't worry Griff by consulting the doctor at home.) "You're leading an unhealthy, unnatural life—long hours at a desk, no exercise, and no amusement. Why not dance an hour at home every evening with your husband, to the radio—"

Lucia reddened. "I — I haven't danced for years. I don't care for it."

"There's no better exercise for hard-working people, unless it's swimming. If you're out of practice you can easily brush up at one of the studios. Oswald Tincher's is the best, and their rates are reasonable. My wife just took some lessons there, and they did her a world of good. The trouble with you," he accused her, "is that you take your job too seriously. What you need is exercise, less concentration—a more normal life."

But how could you have a normal life, Lucia wondered, when you were barely on speaking terms with your husband? How could you help concentrating on the one thing you could do well, when you seemed to bungle everything else?

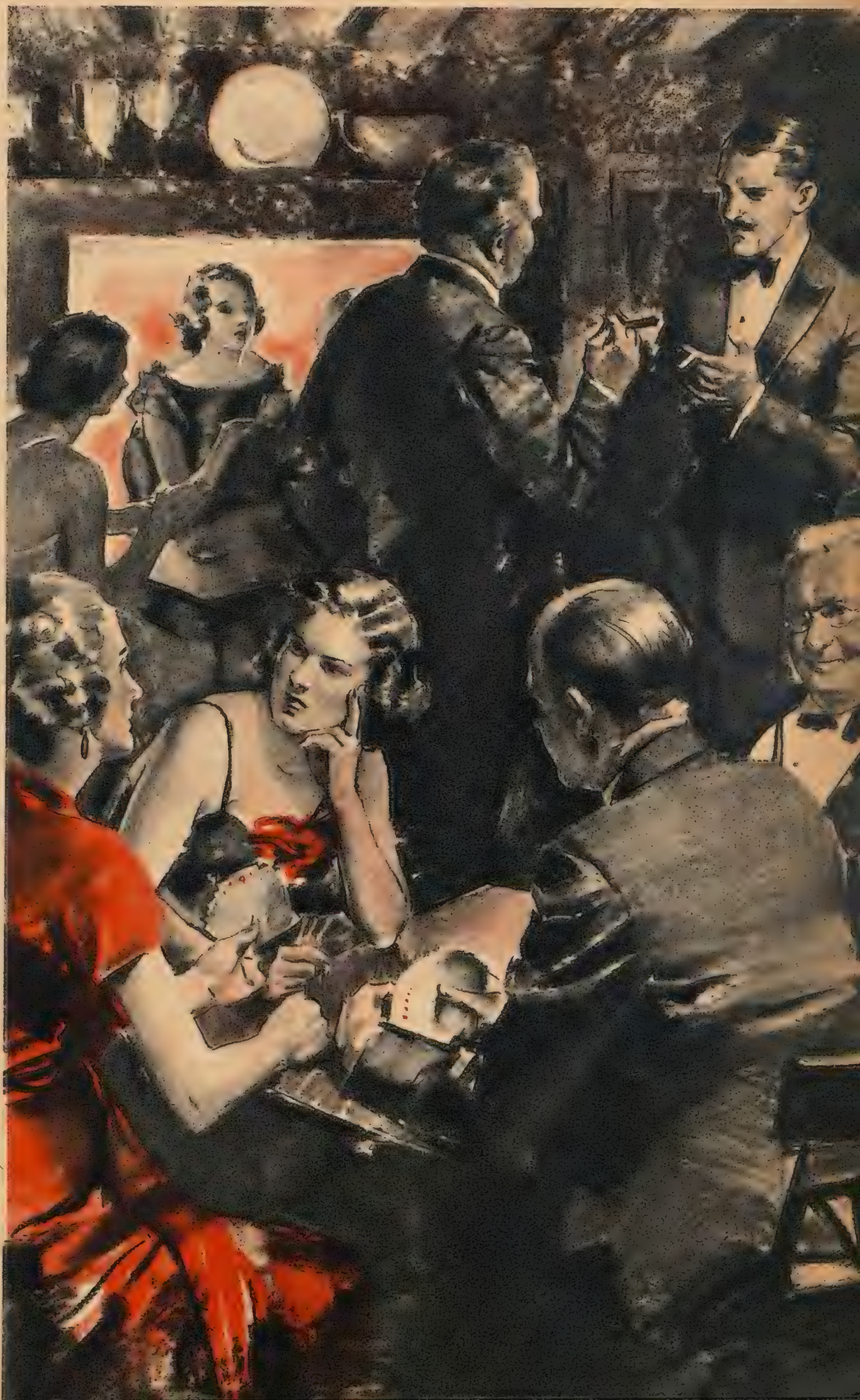
That was on Saturday; she had gone straight to the doctor's from the office, and now it was time—indeed, past time—for lunch. She decided to buy herself a really good lunch, in the sort of restaurant she hadn't visited since Griff began losing jobs, and think this over. . . . At the table, she gave her order. Other people were leaving the restaurant; two women drifted past her table—and she heard her husband's name.

"Griff Halstead— My dear, I'm simply crazy about him. He was saying to me yesterday—or was it the day before? . . ."

They were beyond earshot now, but Lucia got an eyeful. The speaker was nobody she knew—tall, slim, red-haired, perfectly dressed. No wonder Griff kept queer hours, if he had to have time for dates with other women—every day, apparently. And after all she had done for him!

She sat there, chain-smoking over her untasted lunch, and wondered what to do. Put it up to him tonight? Ask him what about it? But what could there be about it? They had children for whom they were both responsible and who needed all the money they both could make. One thing about this red-haired woman—she didn't look as if she wanted Griff to support her. . . . Better just swallow it, then, thought Lucia; pretend nothing has happened, and concentrate on my job.

But she had done too much of that—too much for her health, and for her morale too; she had the bad habit of concentrating on what she could do well and being afraid



She loved him but she was jealous. She was jealous of his brilliance and popularity.

of what she might do badly. In the spirit of the penitent who makes herself do what she most hates, she set off, when she had paid for her lunch, toward Oswald Tincher's Salon de Danse.

SHE couldn't help being favorably impressed by the businesslike air of Oswald Tincher's front office and of the middle-aged woman at the desk—once the highly competent assistant office manager at Harpington's.

"Why, Miss Wade!" gasped Lucia. "What are you doing here?"

"Selling goods," said Miss Wade briskly, "and goods that are more in demand nowadays than stock and bond issues. Decided you need to brush up on the new steps, I suppose? Well, there's no better exercise for a desk worker—or more economical, for what you get. You can have anything from single lessons to a year's course; but I'd advise you to take the year's course, the rates are so favorable."

Other women had come in, and one or two men, smoking on the divans in the lounge as they waited for Miss Wade's attention. A business woman had to respect a business house like this. Finally Lucia signed up for five lessons; and then—

"A supervisor will take you first," said Miss Wade, pushing a bell. A smartly uniformed office girl entered.

She led Lucia into an unfurnished room with a polished floor, where she was introduced to Mr. Sedley—smartly dressed, with an unobtrusive alertness that reminded Lucia of a good diagnostician, or perhaps a good detective. He turned a switch, and from a thing like a ventilator in the wall came music—canned but seductive—a fox trot.

"We'll try the simplest first," he explained. "Then a waltz, a tango, and a rumba."

He said nothing as they danced; but Lucia felt more than ever that he was a diagnostician—and as her feet dragged and she missed steps, she began to feel that she was a practically incurable case.

They went through the four dances, and she was sure she was worse every time.

"A little rusty, perhaps," he said cheerfully, "but we'll soon cure that. I'll turn you over to our best instructor; I think he's free now."

Mr. Sedley went into the next room, came back with another man.

"Miss Brack, may I introduce Mr. Halstead?"

She wanted to sink through the floor, to shriek with hysterical laughter. But Griff was acknowledging the introduction unruffled and with a peremptory appeal in his eyes that she understood. Of course—she mustn't make a scene. It might endanger his job.

"I—I'm afraid you'll find me a pretty hopeless case, Mr. Halstead," she stammered; and couldn't resist adding, "The best dancer I ever knew used to have to be paid for dancing with me."

He smiled. "Well, that's what I'm paid for, Miss Brack. Shall we begin?"

Mr. Sedley watched a moment and then left them alone. Lucia couldn't say a word—and Griff said nothing, except now and then a tactful correction of her footwork, her arm position. His professional absorption reminded her of a garage mechanic watching the test of an engine that has just been repaired. Astonishingly, she felt that she was dancing well—far better than she had danced with Sedley; or with Griff, that last time at the club, years ago, when she had been distracted by jealousy of Harriet.

Then they swung into the waltz, and she danced still more smoothly. She supposed she ought to be thinking about what to say in this ridiculous situation; but it was hard to be conscious of anything but rhythm and relaxation—and the feel of his arm around her for the first time in months.

"You're really doing very well, Miss Brack," he told her presently, with a glint in his eye that contradicted the impersonality of his voice. And all at once she ceased to care whether the situation was ridiculous or not; she hadn't seen that look in his eyes for a long time.

"I don't think it's polite of you," she said severely, "to call the mother of your children Miss Brack."

"Well, that seems to be the alias you're using around here."

"That was just an accident. . . . Do you really think I'm doing well, Griff? Of course I could always dance better with you than with anybody else, but—"

"So can most people. That's how I'm able to earn my living," he said dryly. Then, with abruptness, "Who told you I was here?"

"Nobody. I—I thought you were ringing doorbells. Why didn't you tell me, Griff?"

"I was ashamed of it," he confessed. "Selling my sense of rhythm—and my personality. That's what piles up the commissions—sixty-seven dollars this week. If that's all I've got to sell, I'll sell it; but it's so trivial compared to—to the sort of thing you do."

"But, my dear, that's silly! You're really a swell dancing teacher—and it's no more to be ashamed of than teaching mathematics. As to what I do," said Lucia, "I've got one special talent and you've got another. And I always felt that what you've got is about the most important thing on earth." He gasped. "I do the right things the wrong way," she said. "But you've got a sense of rhythm that teaches you to do things right."

He tried to speak, and couldn't; but his arm tightened about her. He was holding her closer than a dancing teacher needed to hold her, but she didn't object.

"But why did you come here," he said presently, "if you weren't—looking for me?"

"To brush up on my dancing. The doctor told me I needed exercise. I haven't been feeling so well—"

"I know," he said. "I was worried about you—but I was afraid you'd think it was none of my business, the way—the way things have been going lately." She flushed. "Though I must say," he added with a grin, "you're looking simply swell right now."

"Oh. . . . Do your house rules let you flirt with customers?"

"Clients," he corrected. "We strike the professional note. . . . No, they don't let us flirt. I was merely telling you."

"Do clients ever try to flirt with you?" she asked.

He grinned. "Sometimes. But you learn how to handle a situation like that."

"Oh, you do? Then how would you handle it if I stopped dancing and kissed you—like this?"

He handled it to her thorough satisfaction. They stood still in each other's arms, while the music rolled on unheard—till presently Lucia became conscious of a vaguely familiar voice in the next room.

"But how can Mr. Halstead be engaged? I have an appointment with him every day at this hour. . . . Special case? Nonsense! I have an appointment."

THE door swung open and in came the red-haired woman Lucia had seen in the restaurant. Over Griff's shoulder, Lucia stuck out her tongue at her in the most complete sense of triumph she had ever known.

"Well!" said the other furiously. "I'd always understood that Oswald Tincher fired an instructor who made love to a client!"

"Even when the client asked for it?" said Lucia sweetly.

Griff cocked an ironic eye at the other woman.

"Even when the client asks for it," he agreed. "That's the rule. But in this case, Mrs. Lunsford, when the client happens to be my wife—"

"Oh," said the red-haired woman. She turned around and swept out, the door slamming behind her.

"Good heavens, Griff!" said Lucia. "Have I lost you a client?"

"I can do without her; she was getting to be hard to handle—and I've got a waiting list. Besides, I'm attending to a client now—my favorite client. . . . We might drop in at the club for a while after dinner—if you'll give me all the dances."

"But, Griff, I'm nowhere near so good as Harriet—"

"Harriet be damned. You dance marvelously, darling." And she felt that at this moment that was the truth.

"I guess even I've got rhythm," she admitted, "when everything's all right between me and you."

THE END

WHAT WE FIGHT FOR

BY YOSUKE MATSUOKA

President of the South Manchuria Railway; member of the Japanese Cabinet Advisory Council; former delegate to the League of Nations

The author.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

FOR the first time in history the Sun-Round Flag of Japan is marking the birthplace of New Asia. In North China, up along the Yangtze, wherever it waves it is asking two questions:

1. Chinese farmers — those prize winners among patient toilers of the earth—have they enough to eat?

2. Have they the measure of administrative order that is essential for them to do their daily work?

Any Power aspiring to the leadership of Eastern Asia must face these fundamental questions and answer them.

Therefore Japan today is fighting for the answers.

The Hankow war lords have not only dodged them. They have squeezed their own hapless people till there is " nothing left but tears to weep with " —as one of the village elders of Hunan was reported to have said.

Chinese propagandists make great capital of Nippon's being exceedingly annoying to her neighbors in the past half a century. She certainly has been. Nippon has been expanding. And what country since the dawn of recorded history has not been annoying to its neighbors in its expansion period?

At the time of the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-5, Japan was practically unknown to Europe and America. During the Boxer trouble, her army first forced recognition from the leading Occidental Powers.

Along with her army, Japan's peace activities and achievements were marching on. They were slow to win recognition in the international arena, however. But today her trade and industry are making their impressions. Formidable tariff walls built against her the world over are confessions of Occidental inferiority. Today, Japanese competition never sets on the British Empire. And the bitterness with which England is fighting is about the only sincere tribute Britain is paying Japan.

Japan's advance, her swift stepping on the horizon, was no miracle. There was an ample cause for it. But that cause itself, which explains all, is an outstanding miracle of political history.

Kōdo—we call it—the reign of the *Tenno* Way.

To translate " Tenno " an emperor, is about as ridiculous as to call a star a collection of dust. There is no foreign word that even conveys a faint idea of it.

It is the potent reign of the Tenno Way that transforms a nation of seventy millions into one family. His Majesty the Tenno is the father of this one family, and that, too, in a way that makes blood ties between father and son as thin as a poet's lie in comparison. At the first sign of national crisis all through the twenty-six-century story of Nippon a miracle has never failed to come to pass—the miracle of national unity, unknown to the annals of the West.

There is just one key that explains this miracle: His Majesty the Tenno. His is the voice, the magic power that can instantly unite seventy millions of Japanese into one solid force—a force which can strike as they are striking along the North China and Yangtze fronts today.

The reign of the *Kōdo* with the people of Japan means the reign of their national ideal, the driving force back of the aspirations of the Yamato race. How great that power is, the history of the past sixty years gives ample testimony.

Chinese propagandists love to toy with the slogan that " Japan is fighting for loot and world conquest." The Occidental nations, too, took this for granted.

There were hundreds of facts contradicting this conclusion. But they were not interested to see them.

This for example:

Japan is already spending billions of yen for the present crisis. The expenditure may reach tens of billions before the thing is over. If one were to count all the losses to industries resulting from the sacrifice of so many young lives, it may even reach the sum of fifty billion yen.

Can the whole of North China, north of the Yellow River, repay us even one billion yen—nay, even one fifth of it—a year?

No, Japan is not fighting for profit. Nor for glory.

Japan is fighting for her conception of the leadership of Eastern Asia: for her conviction of her mission among Asian races, which are looking to her to keep Asia from turning into another Africa. It is a holy war: no price is too great for the cause.

Japan has absolutely no quarrel with the people of China over the present crisis. Quite the contrary. Japan is fighting against the enslavers of the Chinese people, their medieval tyrants, their plunderers, their unspeakable politicians, and war lords who have sold their daughters into slavery and are selling out their country to the Comintern, which has succeeded in invading China because it finds its most fertile field in political chaos and internecine strife.

The Comintern shouts its aim from the housetops: it is to set the world aflame with the torch of revolution.

Japan stands for order—social, economic, and political—for everything opposed to the Red devastation. The Comintern stands for the mechanism of human beings, for the enslavement of the people under the dictatorship of the so-called proletariat, in truth of an oligarchy. The age-old Shintoism of Japan places faith in the salvation of humanity not by the help of a power outside but by the creative power within us. The very genius of our state is as bitterly opposed to the mechanization of human beings as water is to fire. The triumph of the Comintern means the utter destruction of the twenty-six-century-old heritage of Japan, of her national ideals and traditions. Therefore when she fights against it, she fights for things more precious than life itself—for her age-old faith for human salvation and progress.

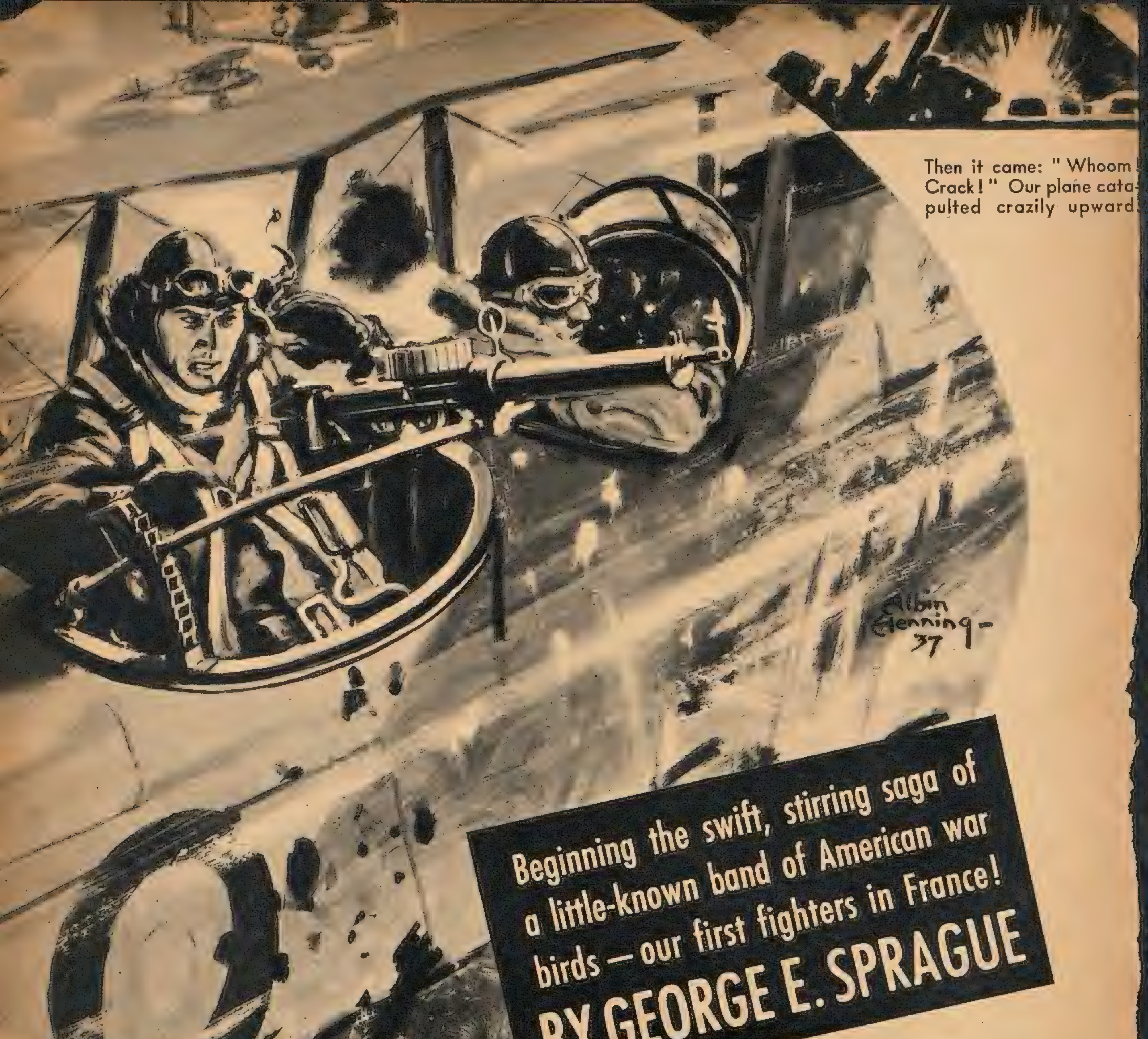
It is a Herculean job to which Japan is addressing herself. Just what sustains her hope of carrying it through to success?

The *Kōdo*—the reign of the Tenno Way—is the answer. For the *Kōdo* is the Mount of Transfiguration of all the national energies of the Yamato race. It gives a spiritual force to every activity of Japan utterly beyond the conception of any other people—a mystic power that defies all scientific measurements and analysis. Without this, Japan is like any other country in the world—a third-rate Power in fact. With it she stands alone as a political miracle among the Great Powers.

Our national unity, so astounding to our foreign friends, is just one of a thousand manifestations of this same magic power.

Nothing seems impossible with the people quickened with a power like this—not even the task of calling into existence a New Earth and a New Heaven in the Immemorial East.

THE END



Then it came: "Whoom! Crack!" Our plane catapulted crazily upward!

Beginning the swift, stirring saga of a little-known band of American war birds—our first fighters in France!

BY GEORGE E. SPRAGUE

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART ONE—A FLEDGLING'S BAPTISM OF FIRE

WE were really a split-up outfit that became attached to every man's army and every man's navy. We were of the United States Navy, but seldom with any part of it. We were flying gobs.

One thing had brought us together: As mechanics, carpenters, college students, taxi drivers, farmers—we had all wanted to fly.

And soon—without much training—we did fly. Americans, we flew with the French, with the British, with the Italians. Some of us even flew with the United States marines. But most of us never saw an American-made airplane, fired an American machine gun, dropped an American bomb until we got back home.

There were only 121 of us, but we were probably the most oddly assorted outfit that ever sailed to France.

On June 7, 1917, Pershing was in England, still on the way. The First Division was still in America. The draft law was still being debated in Congress. But we—United States Naval Aeronautic Detachment No. 1—were landing in France.

We were the first fighting force from America to set foot on French soil after the declaration of war.

I nearly missed the whole show. The recruiting officer didn't think I was of age. "You look about sixteen," he insisted. Finally he told me to bring a letter of permission from my father. Since I hadn't told my father I intended to become an aviator, chances didn't look good.

The flip guy who had been in line ahead of me was lounging in the corridor when I got outside. A Boston taxi driver, he looked tough to me.

"Didja make it, kid?"

"No. They won't believe I'm twenty-one."

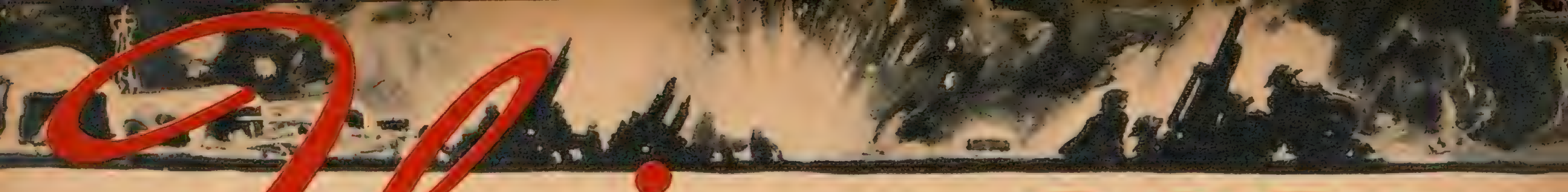
"Too bad. College boy, ain't you? Born in Boston?"

I didn't know why I bothered to answer, "Yes."

He grinned. "How old are you, really?"

"Twenty," I admitted.

He jammed his driver's cap jauntily over red hair, grabbed my arm. "Come on," he ordered.



Flying GOBS

He drove me in his cab to City Hall, led me inside.

"Go in there, kid. Pick out the oldest geezer you see, tell him your name and the date you was born, and tell him you want a birth certificate."

The ancient clerk I picked out scratched industriously with a pen and handed me a card. Red looked at it. "Swell! I knew an old gink wouldn't use no typewriter."

At a stationer's store we bought ink eradicator. Red worked expertly until the last digit of my birth year was erased. Then I changed what had been 1896 to 1895.

Red grinned, and we shook hands. It was an event: I'd met James Patrick O'Leary.

I saw Red the next day—April 2, 1917—at the recruiting office. A big gangling hayshaker from Maine was there too. Red dubbed him "Hank."

My birth certificate was accepted without question. That night found us bound south to the navy's new flying school at Pensacola. While we were en route to Florida—on April 6—war was declared.

There were more than 200 of us there. For a month and a half we drilled in deep sand under a hot sun. We attended aviation ground-school classes and tried to learn navy regulations. We strove to persuade ourselves that sometime we'd fly, sometime we'd get to France.

And then, one day, an officer said: "There is an opportunity for about one hundred men to leave this station for duty in a foreign country. All who wish to volunteer, step one pace forward."

To a man, the entire battalion stepped.

"That's good spirit," said the officer. "All right. We'll take the first and second sections."

There were about fifty men in each section. Hank was in the first section with the tall men. Red was in the second section.

I was in the third.

As we walked across to the barracks, Red and Hank tried to console me. Then they went away and left me alone. I lay face down on my bunk. I was miserable.

Half an hour later, Red woke me up. "Come on, kid," he said. "Rise and shine. We've got it all fixed."

Good old Red had found a fellow in the second section who had volunteered, then had thought better of it. We all went to the executive office together and they let me transfer into the first one hundred.

All of us were volunteers. We came from nearly every state in the Union and nearly every walk in life. We were utterly green and inexpressibly eager.

We sailed from Baltimore late in May. After a twelve-day crossing we landed at St. Nazaire.

Our skipper, Lieutenant (j. g.) Kenneth Whiting, U. S. N., didn't say: "Lafayette, we are here." In fact, we didn't know it was a historical occasion. But we'd heard of France. And here we were on the dock. Chuck O'Connor, hard-boiled chief boatswain's mate, lined us up and told us we could have liberty but would have to be back on board at one o'clock.

That was a night. We'd just been paid off—in gold. Our round-table party in a café was an uproarious success. There must have been thirty of us. Among others were Johnny Ganster, Haze Hamman, Jimmie O'Brien, Bruton and Charlie Boyland from Baltimore; Packy Wiberg from Boston; Harry Velie, Petey Bamrick, and Freddie Hough from Chicago; George Hasselmann, Craswell, Tommy Lawless, Herbie Lasher, and Percy Tuttle from New York; Joe Cline from Cleveland; Bill Bunn from Atlanta; Edison Counts from Virginia; and Letzkus from "Arkansaw."

Champagne was selling at about eighty cents a bottle. No one spoke much French. We picked attractive bottles and drank whatever was in them. The French began to shout: *"Vive l'Amérique! Vive les Américains!"*

That recalled my high-school French. I piped up: *"Vive les Français!"*

The boys got it, roared it: "Veev lay Fransay!"

The French thought it was great. So did we!

After Red and Hank had led me into almost every café in town, we managed somehow to get back to our ship. We came in, our dress blues covered with white dust, clutching in our hands two bottles apiece of Benedictine that a café proprietor had given us.

Chuck O'Connor was there to check us in. He made us scrub those blues right then. And he sat by and drank our Benedictine while we did it.

Early the next morning, with splitting headaches, we were tumbled out on the dock to spend hours unloading the fifty tons of stores we had brought with us and lugging them into "40 & 8" boxcars. At last rifles were issued to us, and we were marched to the railroad station.

I think it was Tommy Barrett, from Cleveland, who first uttered the phrase that was to become the byword of 2,000,000 Americans in France. Boarding the train, he shouted: "Where do we go from here?"

No one answered. But Tommy Barrett did not have far to go. Just twenty days later, on June 28, 1917, his plane crashed at Tours and burned—and he with it.

Many of us had far to go. From the moment that we hit that dock, we were a lost outfit. Split up. Attached variously to the French Naval Air Service and French Army Flying Corps; to the Royal Air Force. Some of us attended a United States Army Bombing School and wound up flying with the Italians.

Meanwhile, there was another celebration at Brest, where we detrained. They actually—men and pretty Frenchwomen—strewed flowers in our path and stuck roses in the muzzles of our rifles as we marched. We kept our eyes front and heads up, probably marching better than any sailors have ever marched before or since.

Our wanderings began after that night in Brest. We stayed at a French submarine base. We put up for a while at a French seaplane station. They made a barracks of the town hall in a little fishing village on the coast of Finistère, and we moved in there for a week.

"I've got it all figured out," Red told us one night. "I don't think they know what to do with us. The French authorities never knew we was coming. Some one in Washington just had the bright idea that it would be nice to send over some Americans to show the French we really meant it. But now Whiting's gone to Paris to see the American Ambassador and the Naval Attaché and the French Minister of Marine and a few others."

"How do you know he has?" Hank and I chorused.

"Because his yeoman told me. And I'll bet they'll work something out for us."

Red was right. There was a conference in Paris. It was agreed that the French would train us. They would furnish us with airplanes, motors, instruments, armament, bombs and accessories, in which the United States was woefully lacking. They would construct three stations for us while we were in training.

It was a fine plan, except that it didn't work out. The French furnished airplanes all right. And they trained some of us, training starting June 21, 1917. But we built our own stations. And when I say *we*, I mean the members of Aeronautic Detachment No. 1 and the gobs who followed us to France.

From French flying schools we bounded right into the construction gang. We built the navy's school of aeronautics at Moutchic, roads, hangars, shops, barracks, and schoolrooms. We who had enlisted to fly shoveled sand, toted supplies, broke rocks—and our hearts, backs, and spirits. Morale suffered. There were fights, mutinies, desertions. Courts-martial began to sit.

All the rottenness in every one came out.

I was near rebellion—and trouble—many times. And each time Red was there with wise, sure counsel.

"Easy, kid. Don't let 'em think you can't take it. This stuff won't go on much longer. They've spent too much dough training us to keep us in this work gang forever."

ONE day the break we had been waiting for came along. They began shipping groups of us out of Moutchic. Our pick-and-shovel days were over. A little more training, they promised us—and then active service.

I went away for a month to the near-by French army school of aerial gunnery at Cazaux. When I came back, new faces were there—and some old familiar ones gone. Two of our gang, Harry Velie and Freddie Hough, had been sent to Ayre, in Scotland, for advanced training with the Royal Air Force.

"Harry and Freddie crashed," Red told me tersely. "They spun in, in Camels. Velie died instantly."

"And Freddie Hough?" I asked.

Red looked away. "I talked to a guy that saw him at the hospital. He was all smashed up. They had to take off both his legs. He didn't want to live that way. He didn't live very long, either."

Le Croisic, near St. Nazaire, was the first American station for antisubmarine patrol. Joe Cline, from Cleveland, one of our round-table group, made the first offensive patrol there by an American flyer in the service of the United States, on November 13, 1917.

Le Croisic had been selected as the first station because of its proximity to the principal point of entry for American troops landing in France. Some old French D. D. flying boats were turned over to our use there.

Among the flying gobs who convoyed the many arriving transports in those winter months of 1917 and into 1918 were Joe Cline, Mac Weddell, Charlie Boyland, Gillespie, Clarence Nelson, Frank J. Brady, Eddie Kniep, L. S. Harvie, Andrew Donnie Skaggs, Hobt, Don Bailey, Harry Studer, and Pop Reichelt.

It was tiresome, tedious work, that sea patrol. But Weddell, Nelson, Kniep, Harvie, Skaggs, and some others were killed doing it and Brady was sent into the sea where, for maddening days and nights, he clung to the wreckage of his plane until he was found by a French destroyer.

Dunkerque was selected for one of the first American seaplane stations, for it was close to the great German submarine bases along the Belgian coast. Our French friends pointed out that it offered opportunity to come in contact with enemy aircraft as well as submarines.

They failed, however, to point out that you cannot send slow old flying boats against Fokkers and Pfalzes. Our mortality rate was high in those early days. We were "cold meat" and anybody's target.

Dunkerque was bombed almost nightly by night-flying Gothas. And the Germans' long-range naval batteries up behind Nieuport dropped big shells into the ancient port with such regularity that you could almost set your watch by them. And on dark or foggy nights it was the particular sport of the German destroyers to sneak up outside the harbor nets and let go a few three-inch shells.

That was Dunkerque—where death fell like rain from the skies, where only the dugouts were popular.

I learned that I was to be sent to an army school of bombardment for a short course of instruction. Red and Hank were being sent to Dunkerque. I wondered if I would ever see them again.

I was busy in the next few weeks at bombing school. A likable lad named Schoonmaker was my side-kick there. I met new men—Tatman, a carpenter's mate, who had become a flying gob, and Johnston, a flying ensign.

I went through the course smoothly enough and was assigned to Squadron 217 of the Royal Air Force. We were moved up toward the front, ready for action.

Each of our De Havillands carried two 230-pound T. N. T. bombs. "Always get rid of your bombs before coming into land," our instructors had told us repeatedly. "Very dangerous. Probably explode—blow you up—all that sort of thing."

I developed a nasty dread that some day I might forget to drop both my bombs and blow myself to glory in landing. It kept me from being forgetful.

The night came when they told us that at dawn we would make our first patrol. There was little sleeping.

At five they routed us out. I heard Tat say:

"Good morning, God. Here we come."

We were tired. We were sleepy. We were more than a little frightened, after a night of listening to shelling, bomb explosions, droning German motors. We pulled on our flying gear and stumbled across the field—Tatman, Johnston, Schoonmaker, and I.

They'd trained us on landplanes. Our job was to bomb German naval bases along the Belgian coast. The navy had found they couldn't do it with slow old flying boats. Many had died proving that.

We were to fly over the lines instead of over the sea. It was something new for the navy. We felt a little bit proud. But—which of us would not come back?

We had coffee with a spot of rum in it. Then Captain Davis, R. A. F., was talking. He would lead the formation. He gave instructions:

"It's just a little show. We are on antisubmarine patrol. Just off the coast a bit, and return. You chaps stay close behind. Halney and Shufflebottom will bring up the rear."

Davis and Shufflebottom and Halney were old hands. Even the sergeant beside Davis wore ribbons, though he looked little more than a boy. Davis went on:

"Remember the signals, now. And if you sight anything—aircraft or submarine—shoot a red Very light. Don't break formation, and *don't* forget to dump your bombs before you land. Let's go now."

DAWN broke. One by one, in our De Havillands, we skipped across the dewy field into the air. At least two of us were badly frightened young adventurers.

The sun was coming up as we climbed for altitude in formation. We saw Dunkerque below; and then, a little farther on, the blasted ground of the lines. That very morning I had said to Schoony:

"If I can fly over the lines just once, I'll be satisfied."

Now I remembered it.

But why didn't Davis swing out to sea?

An occasional shell burst on the ground. There was no other sign of activity. I looked ahead, saw nothing. Far off to the east I spotted an elephant-like balloon.

Whuff!

I could hear it above the sound of the motor. A cluster of black smoke puffs appeared off to the right, at our level. Then more, dead ahead.

And then, in a surge of cold fright, I knew. They were firing at us. That black smoke meant but one thing—the high explosives of antiaircraft batteries.

Davis dipped his wing. We followed in a short dive.

Then it came: WHOOM! CRACK!

When our bus tossed on its nose, I felt cold fear, and the sharp edge of my safety belt cut cruelly into my stomach. And, as we started our downward plunge, Schoony and I both grabbed the stick, fought frantically with the controls.

A veritable baptism of fire for these two frightened youngsters! Had their "bus" been hit? You'll find out from Captain Sprague in Liberty next week—and he will thrill you with his accounts of his first dogfight and of air raids on submarine bases along the Channel!

HOME-TOWN SUCKER MAKES GOOD

The thrilling true story of a pint-size nemesis and a $45,000 mistake—Is this the man for Liberty's valor award?

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

ELEVEN years ago a man named Robert F. Blake was convicted of the brutal murder of a Tulia, Texas, business man. While waiting for death, Blake wrote a one-act play. He called it The Last Mile.

That play, developed by expert playsmithery into a full evening's entertainment, made theatrical history. It catapulted Spencer Tracy to Broadway stardom. It sent Clark Gable zooming to Hollywood heights.

Yet Blake might never have been brought to justice but for a pint-size, white-moustachioed man from Texas, with bandy legs from a youth spent on horseback—a private citizen who, from a sense of civic duty, had trailed the fugitive for eight weeks in and out of ten states.

This is only one of many such incidents in the little man's career. Blake was his seventy-seventh such arrest. Since then he has helped to place sixteen more master crooks behind bars. At seventy-four his total is ninety-three—and he is still trying.

Surely, in any award for Valor in Citizenship, such as Liberty is sponsoring with the co-operation of Attorney General Cummings, District Attorney Dewey, and Judge George E. Q. Johnson, the name of J. Frank Norfleet of Plainview, Texas, deserves front-rank consideration.

Norfleet at fifty-four, after a lifetime spent in wrenching a living out of the Texas ranch land, was so easy a mark that a group of city slickers, operating a perfectly transparent

H—— was drawing his gat. But Norfleet, sensing that his identity had been discovered, had both guns out.

confidence game, separated him from $45,000 of his life savings.

One November day in 1919 he took a carload of mules up to Dublin and went over to the St. George Hotel in Dallas to wait for his neighbor, Captain Dick Slaughter, whose $90,000 property he was about to buy with a down payment of $45,000.

The Norfleet of 1919 had spent most of his life on a ranch. He was born on one, near San Saba, Texas. At fifteen he made for the buffalo range, and went to work for surveyors laying out a railroad route. With his earnings he bought a small herd of sheep, which he soon increased to a thousand head.

About that time Isaac Ellwood, a "barbed-wire king," bought the huge Spade Ranch in west Texas and made Norfleet manager. Ellwood later recalled that his youthful employee put up 135 miles of wire and posts. It was on one of his journeys into Palo Pinto County to buy posts that Norfleet met Mattie Eliza Hudgins.

By 1919 Norfleet had long since given up his post at the Spade Ranch and was established as one of the really successful ranchers of the Panhandle.

HE was sitting in the St. George Hotel lobby when a bronzed square-jawed chap sporting a broad-brimmed range hat dropped into the chair beside him and said "Howdy." The stranger introduced himself as R. Miller, a Hale County mule and grain buyer. Actually, he was a bunco steerer—the "sucker scout" of the gang; and he wasn't R. Miller but Reno Hamlin, a notorious crook.

Soon the guileless Norfleeet was telling him about his proposed deal with Slaughter and the possibility that he might sell his old ranch. This was pie for Hamlin. He knew a man, he said, who had come down to Texas to purchase ranch land for clients in Minneapolis.

This man, W. B. Spencer by name, proved to be a clean-cut upstanding young chap with a cleft chin and a slightly crooked nose. He had a briefcase full of apparently impeccable credentials. One of his Northern clients, a Mr. Thompson, was on his way to Dallas. He was now going over to the Adolphus Hotel to wait for Thompson, and wouldn't Norfleet come along?

Spencer was a plausible talker whose job was to hold the sucker's interest. Norfleet, as he sank into a chair in the Adolphus lobby felt no suspicion.

He did feel a lumpish something between himself and the upholstery, which proved to be a purse containing a Masonic card bearing the name "J. B. Stetson," $240 in currency, and a copy of a personal bond for $100,000 issued by a well known Eastern bonding company.

At the desk they learned that a J. B. Stetson was registered at the hotel. They found him a ruddy-faced six-footer with chestnut hair and friendly greenish-blue eyes. He said he was in Dallas handling certain stock-market manipulations for his associates back East. He was naturally delighted to get his purse back and insisted on the finders each accepting a $100 bill. Young Spencer, after some demurring, accepted the reward; but Norfleet stood on his dignity and declined.

"Well," said Stetson, "if you won't take the money, you certainly can't object to my putting it in with my own funds on a little stock deal I'm engineering."

Norfleet allowed that he couldn't object to that. Whereupon Stetson departed posthaste for the "Stock Exchange." The result was $800 in crisp new bills for Norfleet's share of the "little stock deal."

This was the build-up. Norfleet was soon deep in larger stock deals with his two new acquaintances. They "won" $68,000 the first day; and Stetson was about to turn over $28,000 to Norfleet as his share when in bounced one J. E. Ward, who identified himself as "secretary of the Dallas Stock Exchange."

"The rules of the Exchange," Ward said, "require winners to prove that they are responsible persons and could have paid up to an amount equal to their winnings if they had lost. Gentlemen, have you such proof?"

Stetson and Spencer and finally Norfleet insisted that they could get it if given a reasonable time. Ward agreed that this was only fair. "I will give you until Monday noon," he said, "to deposit in a Dallas bank an amount equal to your winnings. Meanwhile the Exchange will hold this money until you are in a position to redeem it."

Whereupon he swept the $68,000 into a bag, receipted for the amount, and with apologies retired.

Stetson admitted that he should have remembered the rule. In any event, it meant a delay of only forty-eight hours, and he agreed to raise $35,000. This generosity so impressed Norfleet that he volunteered to put up $20,000. Spencer guaranteed the remaining $13,000.

Spencer accompanied Norfleet to his home in Hale County, ostensibly to inspect the property, and Norfleet went to his bank in Plainview, secured the $20,000, and returned to Dallas to rejoin Stetson, who—peeved by the action of the Dallas authorities—had transferred his activities to the Fort Worth "Exchange."

After that, Stetson ran their alleged winnings up from $68,000 to $160,000, only to be informed by the "secretary" of the Fort Worth "Exchange" that its rules were similar to those in Dallas. He would have to see $160,000 in cash as an earnest of their responsibility.

Stetson again agreed to provide the major share of the guaranty, and Norfleet dutifully went back to Plainview and drew out his remaining $25,000.

When the three reassembled in Fort Worth they found that they were still $10,000 shy of the required $160,000. But young Spencer volunteered to go to Austin and sell some Liberty Bonds which he had there. Stetson, in the meantime, would deposit the new funds that they had already collected—including Norfleet's additional $25,000—with the $68,000 they had previously raised.

It was then agreed that all three would meet the following morning in Dallas, satisfy the gentleman from the "Exchange," return to each the guaranty money which he had put up, and divide the $160,000 profit.

Of course the promised meeting never took place.

The swindle, which Norfleet promptly reported to the police, made the front pages the following day. Norfleet's wife, Mattie Eliza, hurried to Dallas. She did not reproach him for losing their life savings.

"We'll make it, Frank," she said, with a smile and an embrace. "We always have!"

"Yes, ma," replied the rancher. "But I'm going after them until I get 'em."

He fingered his .38. It was known throughout the Panhandle that mild little Norfleet could and would shoot—and, if necessary, shoot to kill.

"All right, Frank," said Mattie Eliza; "you go. But bring them in alive. Any fool can kill."

NORFLEET did not leave his gun at home. In fact, he bought another one, so as not to run shy. Stetson, some one told him, had been seen in the St. Anthony Hotel in San Antonio. He hastened there, but he was too late. Stetson had departed in the night.

During the long hours in Dallas, Norfleet's new acquaintances had talked glibly of many parts of the country, but not once had they mentioned California.

"That state," he reasoned, "must be their hide-out."

So, on Christmas Eve, 1919, the bandy-legged little man swung off the train at San Bernardino, California, and called up the local jail. Sheriff Shay told him to come and have a look around the bull pen. And there, in the first of the many California prisons which he had expected to visit, sat Ward and Gerber, the "Stock Exchange secretaries" of Dallas and Fort Worth.

Texas justice made short work of the convicting and sentencing of these two. Within the year Ward cut his throat and died in his prison cell.

Meanwhile, a representative of the Department of Justice identified Ward and Gerber as members of the notorious Furey confidence gang and, from Norfleet's descriptions, the so-called Stetson as none other than Joe Furey himself. As for Reno Hamlin, Norfleet located him in Oklahoma City and brought him back to Texas and to a long-term imprisonment.

But the real fireworks began when he started running down Stetson-Furey and Spencer. The Furey chase took him first to Florida. In Miami he met up with Mr. Charles Racken, then mayor of Ontario, who had just been swindled out of a large sum. Racken identified Joe Furey's photographs. Norfleet finally struck the trail where it was hot. He let it be known around his hotel that he was looking for a Florida investment and might buy a celery farm. Incidentally, he had reduced his moustachios to normal proportions and assumed the name of Mulligan.

Presently a man named H—— showed up with just the right celery farm to sell. "Mulligan" accompanied him to Daytona Beach and was introduced to a Mr. S——, who appeared to know a lot about the ponies.

Norfleet was now invited out to the "Country Club" where the really heavy betting was done. On the table in the lounge lay a huge pile of bills awaiting fortunate bettors. Two men with rifles were guarding it. Telegraphers, callers, board writers—seven men in all—were busy at their respective duties.

The complaisant Mr. Mulligan was about to be let in on a particular hot tip when a launch came at full speed from across the lake. Its occupant handed S—— a note, and whispered excitedly to H——.

In a second's time S——'s hand was at Norfleet's throat and H—— was drawing his gat. But the Texan, sensing that his true identity had been discovered, had both guns out. One he rammed with such force against his assailant's solar plexus that he sent him reeling to the floor. The other he trained on H—— and the armed guards. Forcing the latter to move away from their rifles, he maneuvered his two "hosts" out of the building and into the waiting car.

"Turn your pockets inside out!" he commanded.

The note, which he rescued, read as follows:

> That is Norfleet himself. Don't get him started. If you do, he'll kill every one of you. Don't let him get away, boys.
> JOE.

S——, Norfleet subsequently learned, had planned, on learning his identity, to sink him in the lake.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP AWARD
FOR OUTSTANDING BRAVERY IN THE WAR OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS —

The token of true heroism: Liberty's Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship

Undismayed by this close call, the little Texan traced Furey to a three-story building on a Florida city water front, where the gang was operating a stock-exchange racket. All night he waited in the rain outside this building, and in the morning he succeeded in getting word to police headquarters.

Two officers were assigned to help him guard the premises. There were two exits, these bluecoats told him. He was to stay where he was; they would watch the door facing the water. A little later he heard a motorboat—and saw Furey, convoyed by two blue-coated figures, escaping across the bay.

Norfleet returned to his Texas home. But not for long. Word reached him that Furey had shifted to California. Accompanied by an attorney, he rushed to San Bernardino, where he learned that the gang leader had been in long-distance communication with a telephone number in Glendale. There a pleasant-voiced woman who said she was Mrs. Furey answered his call. Next day he scraped acquaintance with Furey's small son, who said, "Daddy's away, but he'll be home in a few days."

The sheriff of Los Angeles County assigned two of his star men, Walter Lips and Andy Anderson, to watch the place, while Norfleet followed up a tip that Furey was operating in San Francisco. This tip came to nothing. Back in Los Angeles, he found that Lips and Anderson had reported "no dice."

Word now reached him that Furey had jumped back to Florida. He jumped too. At Dallas he picked up his son Pete, and at Tallahassee he got Governor Hardee to sign requisition papers which would enable him to take their man across the state line.

Thereupon Colonel Norfleet—everybody called him "Colonel" now—moved his army of one to Jacksonville, whence, according to his information, Furey had just sent money to his wife in California.

Spotting his man, Norfleet patiently trailed him to a well known restaurant. Leaving Pete outside on guard, the father entered with drawn gun.

"Furey," he said, "come with me. Your time is up."

Joe instantly recognized him and began yelling:

"Robber! Thief! Murderer! Don't let him rob me!"

Men at adjoining tables rushed to their fellow diner's rescue. Waiters tried to take away Norfleet's gun. Furey tried to dodge past him; but he managed to grab Furey's coat collar and hold on.

The man who had been belaboring him from behind now wound a strangling arm around his neck. This man was S——. Furey, meanwhile, was wriggling and struggling. He was almost twice the size of Norfleet. Finally he twisted about and sank his teeth in Norfleet's hand. Blood poured over both men. Women fainted. Still the little Colonel kept his grip.

"Hang on to him, dad—I'm coming!" shouted Pete, who had rushed in, followed by a passing patrolman.

The cop grabbed Pete and hit him a glancing blow on the head with his night stick, and was about to hit J. Frank when the latter managed to make himself heard.

"I am an officer of the law!" he shouted. "So is my son! I have a warrant for this man's arrest!"

The cop took both combatants to the station house. There the sergeant, unimpressed by Norfleet's story, was about to grant Furey his liberty on an appearance bond when Captain of Detectives Cahoon happened in. Cahoon examined the governor's requisition papers and ordered that Furey be handcuffed and loaded into a car in which Norfleet could remove him across the state line.

But the Colonel's troubles were not over. A deputy sheriff volunteered to find a car, and told the driver to take the Norfleets and Furey to Dinsmore, a flag station fourteen miles out of Jacksonville.

"You can board the westbound express there," he explained, "and save a lot of time."

On the way Furey offered to pay back every cent of Norfleet's $45,000 if he would only let him go.

"How do I know you'd ever pay it?" asked Norfleet.

"I'll write you an order right now on my friends back in Jacksonville for $20,000. That's all I can raise right now. Your son can take the order back in the car. If he doesn't come back with the twenty grand you'll know I'm a liar."

"If he doesn't come back before sundown I'll empty this gun into your head."

Furey agreed. It was a chance worth taking, Norfleet thought. The train wasn't due at Dinsmore for another hour and a half. Furey wasn't asking him to make any promises—and Mattie Eliza could sure use $20,000!

So Pete and the chauffeur went back, and J. Frank sat down by the roadside with his handcuffed prisoner.

Pete's car had scarcely disappeared when he heard a rustling in the undergrowth. As he sprang behind Furey and pressed his gun into the back of the man's neck a sawed-off shotgun covered him from the bush.

"Go ahead—shoot!" he cried. "You know, of course, that if you kill me with my finger on this trigger, my death reflex will kill your friend."

Four armed men sprang up and aimed their guns at him.

"Furey," he said, "you'd better get started on any praying you're behind on."

As he spoke, an automobile containing three more men with riot guns came roaring down the road!

Were these, too, Furey's gunmen? If so, how was the little "Colonel" to escape? It's a story from real life that, for excitement, beats The Count of Monte Cristo—and you'll find the rest of it in Liberty next week!

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

SUBJECT of this week's research: How to breast the flood tide of a New Year's Eve celebration and bring yourself back alive. . . . For expert advice I went to Sherman Billingsley, host at the Stork Club, where gay debs and dowagers, gallantly esquired, do a notable portion of New York's smartest merrymaking. Mr. Billingsley has weathered ten successive New Year's Eves as pilot of the Stork. He told me things I think every girl stepping out on a year's-end party ought to know. . . . "Go in training," he said, "during the day. Have plenty of sleep; eat a good solid lunch; take a brisk walk in the outdoor air. Tuck away a substantial sandwich or cup of hot soup about half past eight that evening, then lie down for a short nap. At night clubs and hotels the festivities begin around eleven, lasting an average of five hours, with champagne or other drinks served at frequent intervals. If you indulge, nibble steadily on popcorn, potato chips, peanuts, etc. As a rule, supper is served between 1 and 2 A. M., and the sensible lady digs in with a will. Make your pre-supper cocktail a mild one or none at all. Try to include at least one very tactful person in your party to smooth out arguments that may arise, as they can at such times even among the dearest friends and nicest neighbors." . . . More things seem to happen at Mr. Billingsley's No. 3 table than at any other. Three New Year's Eves ago a nationally headlined society pair decided to wed while sitting at table 3. Mr. B. pulled wires; secured license and clergyman. They were married that New Year's noon; are now a happy threesome. Dorothy Lamour signed her first movie contract at table 3, toasting the event in coca-cola. Ethel Merman saw last New Year in from table 3, sipping milk out of a giant brandy inhaler the size of a goldfish bowl. (Night-club folk like to guess how much those big brandy snifters hold—mostly guess one quart, which is way wrong. They hold seven eighths of a gallon!) . . . The police always ask Sherman Billingsley if he wants special protection at the Stork on the night of December 31. Mr. B. accepts, but he really doesn't need to, because J. Edgar Hoover, commandant of the G-men, usually does *his* New Year's Eve-ing there.

☆ Please don't throw away the beautiful cards that brought you your Christmas and New Year's greetings. In every town there are institutions where they will be appreciated. Send them to some sanatorium for crippled children, to some home for the destitute old, or to a disabled veterans' hospital. Do not hesitate to remove any personal messages and signatures. It is only the pictures that matter. They'll be pasted in scrapbooks to brighten many a heartsick, lifelorn hour. The disabled veterans trace them and make new cards to earn a little money.

☆ Salad is now a *first-course* trick finessed by up-to-date hostesses. . . . Newest first-course salads are sliced avocado and pear on lettuce with French dressing. . . . Crab meat surrounded by pineapple and celery in thin mayonnaise. . . . Tangerine quarters and halved black grapes with Russian dressing on watercress.

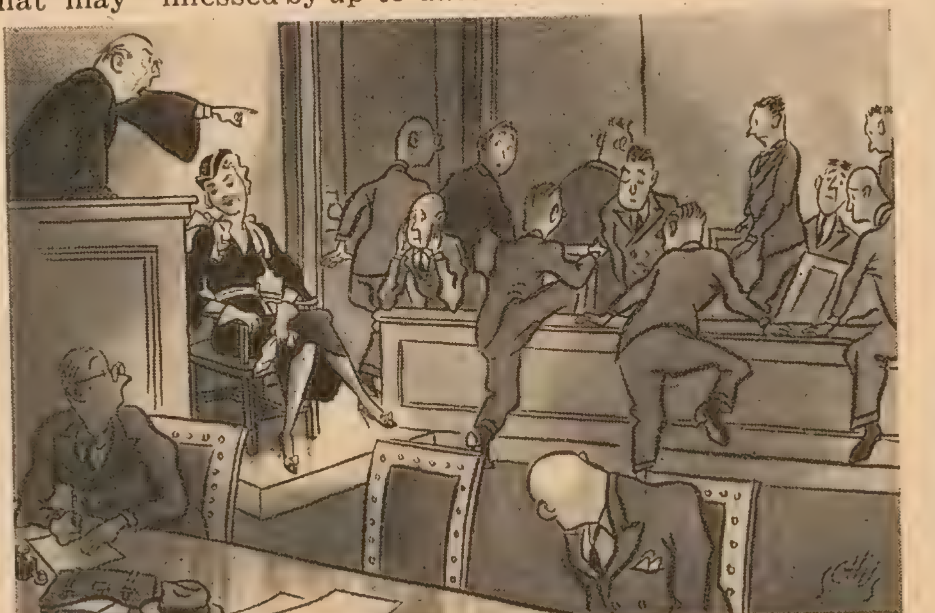
☆ Our famous calendar cover on this week's Liberty is a favorite in Hollywood. I've seen it in offices of great producers and directors, tabulating their tempestuous and expensive days. I know one big-shot producer who uses it to keep account of his efforts and results. When he has a good day he marks it on our Liberty calendar with a red thumbtack. For every bad day he puts a blue tack on. At the end of each week and month he balances the red-tack days against the blue. At the end of the year he adds them all up and finds out how he has been getting on.

☆ Years are like pages in a family album: each time we turn a page we keep on thinking for a while about the page just seen before. Tiptoeing onward into 1939, I want to preserve in memory certain moments of 1938: . . . One day in 1938 I saw a rainbow arch its iridescent promise over the island prison of Alcatraz. . . . One day in 1938 I cooked and consumed two dozen superb Connecticut clams dug up from their dank nutritious mud by my own hands. . . . One evening in 1938 Bronislawa Mordkin, wife of Michael Mordkin, the ballet master, told me how she had danced a mazurka with my father in refugee exile, on the grass of a London park—and I saw tears in her eyes when she spoke of him. . . . One afternoon in 1938 a man paid me a compliment of which I am inordinately proud. He was Walt Disney. He said, "You go around pollinating friendships." I'll always treasure that.

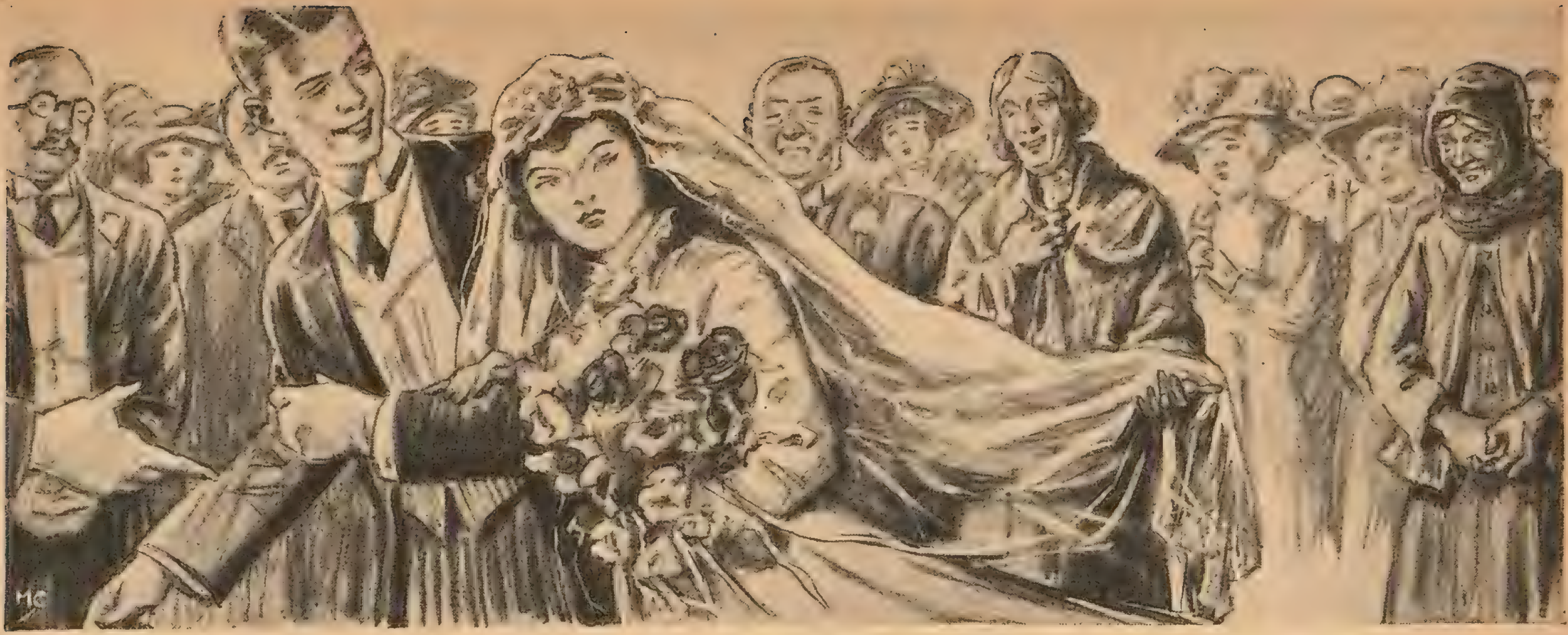
☆ To all who commute by train or bus I recommend, for a New Year's laugh, Ed Streeter's new book with Gluyas Williams illustrations: Daily Except Sundays. (Published by Simon & Schuster.) Mr. Streeter wrote that wartime classic, Dere Mable.

☆ An Australian museum is exhibiting a twenty-three-year-old can of corned beef, claiming some kind of a record for vintage victuals aged in the tin.

Perhaps you know of a local store that could challenge the claim. I am glad to say I don't.



"Any further demonstration by the jury and I'll have to order the witness chair cleared."



THE SPACE BETWEEN

Liberty's Short Short

BY ROBERT BRUMMER

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY MONTE CREWS

BILLY WINSTON had retired to bed, and his mother and father, Charles and Mary Winston, were sitting in their living room reminiscing of their wedding day, the twenty-fifth anniversary of which was to be celebrated the next day. Mrs. Winston was thinking of that day long years ago when she left the church after the ceremony.

As she walked arm in arm with her husband down the steps of the church, she was nervous, and she tripped on the train of her wedding gown. She was frightened by the massive crowd of people on the sidewalk. She tried not to notice them, but there was one thing that she could not help but see.

Even while the crowd was pushing and pulling to get a look at the bride and groom, there in the front row was an empty space between two old women.

Mrs. Winston looked curiously at these old women, wondering why an empty space should prevail, with every one pushing and crowding forward.

As she passed the two old ladies, one of them touched her veil and, softly chuckling, let it slide through her withered fingers. Frightened, Mrs. Winston gathered her veil to her, pressed closer to her husband, and hastened to their waiting car and sped hastily away.

Mrs. Winston never forgot the two old ladies and the empty space between them. . . .

MRS. WINSTON looked up from her deep thought only to find her husband had gone to bed. She went to her room.

As she climbed into bed she heard the clock strike midnight.

MRS. WINSTON was up bright and early the next morning. At the breakfast table Mr. and Mrs. Winston exchanged congratulations on the conclusion of their twenty-five years of marital bliss. Billy came in for breakfast with a thoughful look in his eyes.

"Mother," he said, "I had a strange dream last night. I dreamed I was at your wedding. I saw you come down the church steps with dad. You were so nervous you tripped and nearly fell."

"Tell me, Billy, did you see two odd-looking old women there?" his mother excitedly asked.

"Yes," answered Billy, amazed at his mother's knowledge of his dream; "and when one of them touched your veil, you grabbed it and hurried into a car with dad and drove away."

"Where were you that you could see all this?" curiously asked his mother, remembering the huge crowd.

Billy answered quickly, "Why, I was standing between those two old women. I was surprised you didn't notice me."

Mrs. Winston didn't answer.

THE END

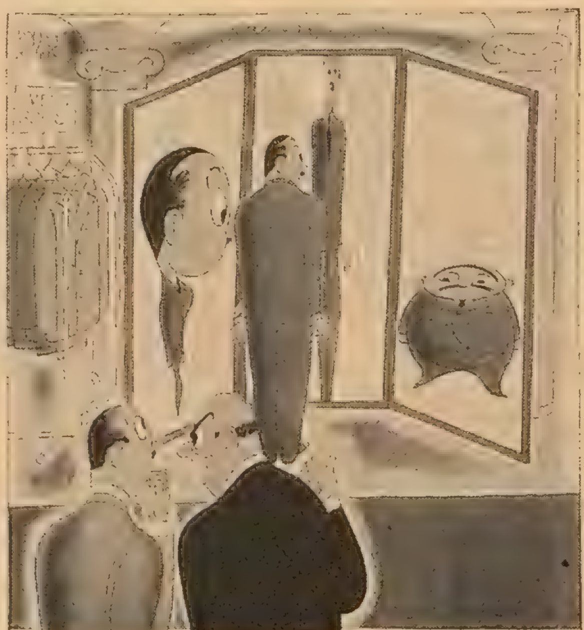
ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.



"I told you it was a mistake, getting those mirrors from Coney Island!"

WARMER TONIGHT

BY BRENDA UELAND

Blithely, love flings a challenge to deadly danger in the breathless tale of a man, a girl, and a mad adventure

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

LIVING the quiet, uneventful life of a children's portrait painter, pretty Stephanie Flinders is suddenly made violent love to by a coarse, blatant millionaire, Jack Blokestone, whose chauffeur has the look of a criminal. To her great relief, John Fitzjohn, a newspaper correspondent, interrupts Blokestone's pursuit of her. He has gone ga-ga over her too, but while she doesn't return his ardor she likes his company. Fitzjohn is also occupied with investigating a racketeering gang headed by one Oscar Glozeman.

From New York Stephanie receives word that a forgotten uncle of hers has died, leaving his money to her. Because she is secretly afraid of the dangers that lurk in a big city she goes reluctantly to the metropolis. Aware of this fear, friends of hers send her a telegram, by way of a practical joke, in which it appears that Stephanie is in with the Glozeman gangsters.

The jokers are terribly worried when they learn that the girl has disappeared from her New York hotel. Immediately Fitzjohn takes the trail. Out of Glozeman he wrings the facts of her whereabouts in an old mansion in Dingmans Ferry, Pennsylvania.

Late at night, he discovers her by climbing up a porte-cochere and peering in a lighted window. With her are three thugs: Arenson, a murderous-looking leader, and his henchmen, Settembrini and Eddie Hogan. On the floor below are several others of the gang.

But Fitzjohn is astonished at the girl's calm demeanor.

Her guards leave the room. Fitzjohn knocks on the window and is admitted. Stephanie tells him of her mysterious kidnaping. Together they plan an escape by climbing down the porch. But two of the men have taken up watch on the ground below! Balked, Fitzjohn declares:

"I can defend this room for hours!"

PART THREE—NIGHTMARE

"WHAT about the man coming from Pittsburgh? To see me? Who could that be?" demanded Stephanie.

"I am sure it is Glozeman," said Fitzjohn.

"Oh, I don't mind him. He is very fatherly. We will talk about Brahms. Or shall I let him in at all?"

"Keep him out if you can."

"What if he insists?"

"Then let him in. I will take care of him. You lock yourself in the bathroom. There is a thick door, thank God."

"The bathroom? What do you think I am—a coward? Haven't you an extra pistol—I mean a revolver, a gat, a rod? I can shoot all right."

He knew what Stephanie thought about shooting, how she abhorred even hunting.

"You can't shoot any one, Stephanie," said Fitzjohn. "Darling!"

"Oh, I don't mind," she said. "Anyway, my shots may go wild and all hit Arenson. Besides, can't you shoot so as not to hurt a man too much?"

Fitzjohn groaned.

"You can't unless you are a perfect shot."

"Show me your pistol," she said. "I ought to study it a little."

He took it out of his belt. He explained it to her.

"I'd hate to hurt Settembrini or Eddie," said Stephanie. "Where would you aim so it wouldn't be serious?"

"I won't need your help," he said gruffly. "Besides, I brought only one gun."

" Now listen, Johnny—because you can't imagine how serious I am. If Glozeman comes . . . if he comes to this room—if he insists—then *you* are the one who must hide. Now don't look like that. Don't look like Mussolini accused of cowardice or asked to wear a business suit. . . . Say Glozeman comes in this room. I will then shut the door. I will pretend to be nervous and insist on locking it. Now, if he and I have a pleasant peaceful talk, the men below will leave us alone. Why, they may even think we're billing and cooing."

" If he touches you I will kill him! Naturally."

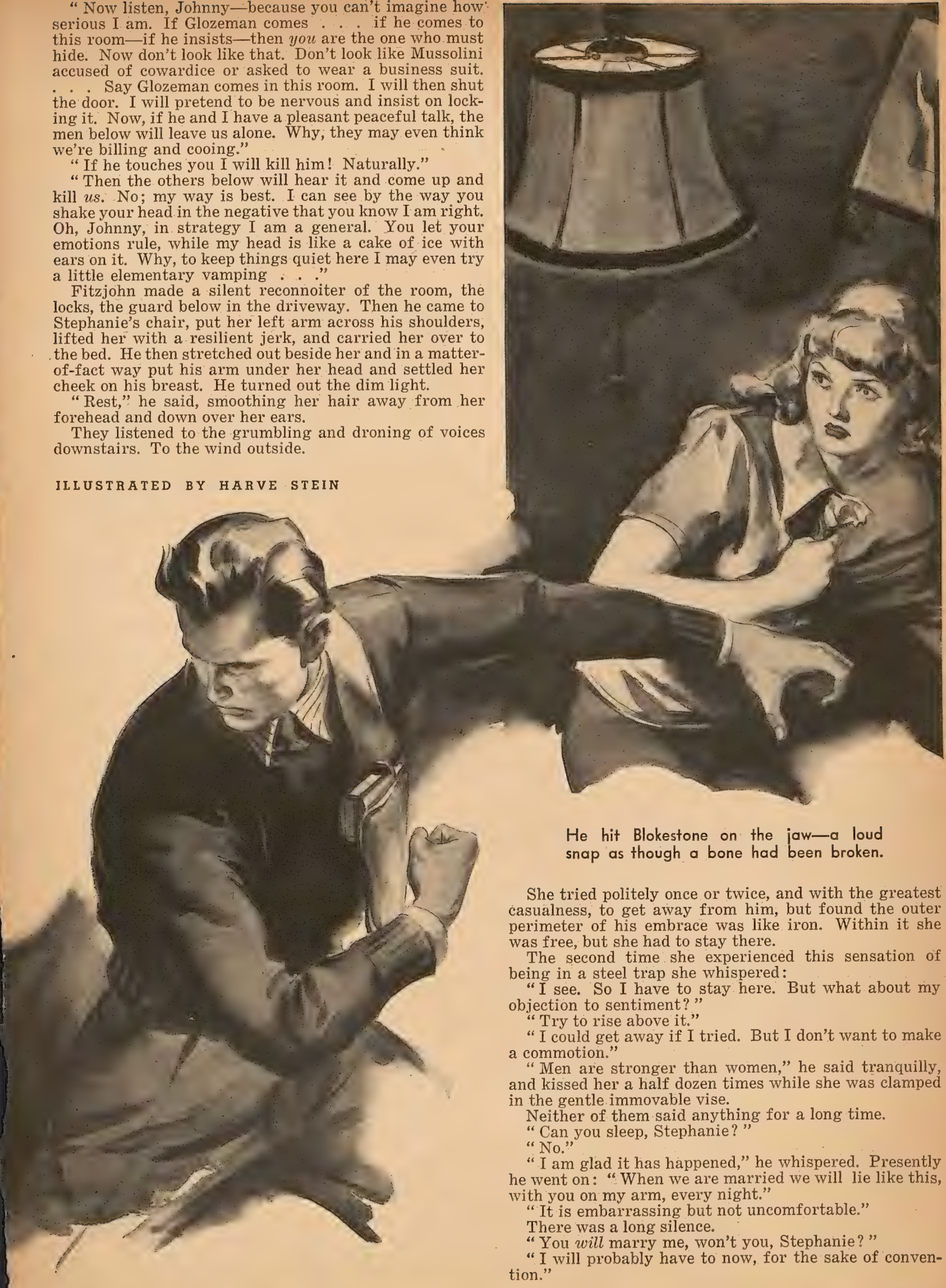
" Then the others below will hear it and come up and kill *us*. No; my way is best. I can see by the way you shake your head in the negative that you know I am right. Oh, Johnny, in strategy I am a general. You let your emotions rule, while my head is like a cake of ice with ears on it. Why, to keep things quiet here I may even try a little elementary vamping . . ."

Fitzjohn made a silent reconnoiter of the room, the locks, the guard below in the driveway. Then he came to Stephanie's chair, put her left arm across his shoulders, lifted her with a resilient jerk, and carried her over to the bed. He then stretched out beside her and in a matter-of-fact way put his arm under her head and settled her cheek on his breast. He turned out the dim light.

" Rest," he said, smoothing her hair away from her forehead and down over her ears.

They listened to the grumbling and droning of voices downstairs. To the wind outside.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVE STEIN



He hit Blokestone on the jaw—a loud snap as though a bone had been broken.

She tried politely once or twice, and with the greatest casualness, to get away from him, but found the outer perimeter of his embrace was like iron. Within it she was free, but she had to stay there.

The second time she experienced this sensation of being in a steel trap she whispered:

" I see. So I have to stay here. But what about my objection to sentiment? "

" Try to rise above it."

" I could get away if I tried. But I don't want to make a commotion."

" Men are stronger than women," he said tranquilly, and kissed her a half dozen times while she was clamped in the gentle immovable vise.

Neither of them said anything for a long time.

" Can you sleep, Stephanie? "

" No."

" I am glad it has happened," he whispered. Presently he went on: " When we are married we will lie like this, with you on my arm, every night."

" It is embarrassing but not uncomfortable."

There was a long silence.

" You *will* marry me, won't you, Stephanie? "

" I will probably have to now, for the sake of convention."

He gave her a long kiss. After that he kept smoothing her hair, and presently she seemed to fall asleep. The pretty little china clock on the mantelpiece chimed two and then three o'clock.

At last, hearing a distant sound out of doors, he lifted his head. She lifted hers too. The distant noise was an automobile and it came nearer. Fitzjohn went to the tall French windows and quietly opened one of them. He loosened his gun in his belt.

"He has come," he said.

An automobile was coming along the driveway—a large one with a swiveling searchlight like a battleship. It came to rest under the porte-cochere.

Downstairs in the house there was a stir. Heavy doors opened. Male voices gabbled and growled. Fitzjohn's hope was that the guard would be drawn away, and Stephanie had the same thought.

"We can go down the drainpipe," she whispered. But they were disappointed. The guard stayed where he was.

They listened. Stephanie felt damp, clammy from excitement. She felt as if she were going down a fast elevator.

"He will come up here now," Fitzjohn said in a warning voice. "If necessary, you let him in. I will take care of him."

Some one was coming up the stairs. The heavy steps clumped in the hall. There was a knock on the door. Twice Stephanie opened her mouth.

"Who is it?" she said finally.

"I want to talk to you," said a bass voice.

"What about?"

"I can't tell you—standing out here."

Fitzjohn signaled to her to let the man in.

"Well, wait until I dress," she called.

Of course she was fully dressed, but this gave her time for a whispered conference with Fitzjohn.

"All right, Johnny. You hide."

"Get him to sit on one of these chairs, if you can," Fitzjohn said. "With his back to me."

Then he stepped into the dark abyss of the huge irregular room. Stephanie switched on the dim light by the bed and unlocked the door.

A tall heavy man came in. She could not see him against the glare, but when he turned—

"Why, you are a crook too!" she cried out.

It was Jack Blokestone. He smiled broadly.

"Hello. Don't be scared, sweetie. I've come to get you out of this. Sit down. Take it easy."

He lowered himself into a large padded chair and pulled out a cigar and rubbed his broken nose with his wrist.

"No, I'm no crook, Stephanie," Blokestone said. "But a man in my position"—as he lit his cigar he had a complacent way of waggling his elbows that always irritated her—"a man in my position gets to know how things are run in this country. I heard what happened. I've been in Wall Street and Washington and all over."

"Well, explain it," said Stephanie. "Why do they want me? My bank statement this month was $27.35."

HE shook his head and waved his cigar.

"Some mistake some place. But it's lucky for you I found out about it. I thought I'd kill the guy that told me. What's the matter, sweetie?"

"I think I will just lock the door," Stephanie said, and went and did so. She also pocketed the key. To make sure that he would not notice this, she said:

"Oh, Jack, you great big wonderful man!"

A look of bland simpering complacency came on his face.

"To think that *you* with your tremendous power and influence should happen to know *me*, a small-town peewee from Iowa, and have *really* come to help me! Oh, you men are so wonderful!"

But, to her horror, this was going too far, for he put his huge hand on her knee. With an uncontrollable reflex she shoved it off as if it were a spider.

"Who are the men downstairs?" Stephanie asked, with a shudder looking at his blurred sensual mouth.

"A part of Glozeman's gang," he said sullenly. "They know what I can do to Glozeman too."

"How did you know that I was here?"

"I turned the whole New York police department upside down to find you."

"Did you bring men with you?"

"A couple of them."

"Well, how is that enough?" Stephanie said. "Why don't the others downstairs kill you? Do you know what I think?"

"What?"

"I think you are a liar."

"Stephanie, you know I have come to save you because I am crazy about you."

"Well, you know I don't like you. And now least of all."

"Come here, you little devil," he said, and took hold of her.

Stephanie hoped that Fitzjohn did not see this. As for herself, she took a deep breath. Her plan was to endure Blokestone's horrible kissing so that she could discover whether he had a revolver. And so she did. She felt around his waist. There was no gun in his trousers pocket, not in his coat. It was in a holster and pressed painfully into her ribs.

"Look out!" she cried in a sharp voice, and pulled away. "You have a gun! It might go off! Hey, wait a minute! Take it off first!"

He paid not the slightest attention to her. He grabbed at her and tore her cotton blouse.

"You would, would you!" he kept saying through stertorous breathing and a fixed grin. Then she knew that Blokestone, whom refined society women simpered over and tried to get to marry their daughters, was something unspeakable.

THE nightmarish struggle stopped abruptly. Fitzjohn had pulled them apart. He hit Blokestone on the jaw—a loud snap as though a bone had broken. Blokestone began to topple slowly like a statue, and Fitzjohn did it again—the same exploding *plop* on the side of the face. Blokestone sagged, and Fitzjohn caught him under the shoulders and eased him to the floor.

"I'll just take his gun," Stephanie heard herself saying as she pulled it out of its holster.

They were kneeling on either side of him. In low voices they consulted about what to do across his heaving diaphragm.

Blokestone rolled his head and opened his eyes. When he saw Fitzjohn he began a slow frightful swearing. The deliberate malevolent obscenity, word after word, had the most unnerving effect on Stephanie.

"Do you think I should kill him?" she asked.

"No," Fitzjohn said. "If necessary, I will do that. A shot would call them up from below."

"But they would think he had shot *me* and wouldn't mind. They'd just start another rubber of bridge."

"No. We will tie him up. I need strips of cloth. Are there sheets on the bed? Keep the gun. Put it in your jacket pocket. I have him covered."

She tore long strips from a sheet.

"About eight inches wide," Fitzjohn said.

Then he bound Blokestone's feet together and his hands behind his back. Then he dragged him quickly into the bathroom, and tied him to the brass legs of the washstand, sitting him up with his back to them.

But just as Fitzjohn was going to gag him Blokestone let out a terrific stentorian bellow:

"*Arenson! Max! Kill her! Max! Owoooooooo!!*"

It was most terrifying, unbelievably loud, inhuman. Fitzjohn sprang at him to cover his mouth, but he could not bring himself to touch Blokestone with his hands. The latter looked up at him coolly and laughed.

"Shoot me. I thought you were going to bump me off? You'd be afraid to kill a cow, you—"

Fitzjohn turned ghastly pale.

"Blokestone, I am not going to kill you, but it will hurt." And taking a brief thoughtful aim, he shot him through the right shoulder. Then he left him in there, locked the door, and pocketed the key.

Men came running up the stairs. They pounded on the door. Fitzjohn made Stephanie stay out of range. He himself stood at the right of the door and tranquilly waited, gun in hand.

There were many voices outside. Arenson was giving the orders. They threw themselves in unison against the door. Then they shouted for a plank, and soon it was brought and rammed against an upper panel. The panel split with a shriek of tearing wood and part of it fell into the room. Fitzjohn carefully, thoughtfully lifted his right arm like a duelist and shot. There was a yell and shouting: "Mike's plugged!" "She's got a gun!" "Where'd she get you, Mike?"

"What's the big idea?" a hoarse voice bawled, and the stupid man with the too large head gawped into the dark room. Fitzjohn again raised his revolver, and the stupid man made an odd grimace and sank out of sight. And again quickly Fitzjohn raised his arm; but then he lowered it again.

The besiegers had fallen back shouting. They thought it was Stephanie who was shooting at them, because they were swearing horribly and the nouns were feminine.

"We got to get her!" "She'll squeal!" "We got to croak her!" "But where's Blokestone? Where's Horse Blokestone?" "Where's the boss?"

"The skirt killed him."

There was a silence. Stephanie and Fitzjohn were standing there motionless in the huge dark room, their eyes fixed on the segment of light in the broken door. They could hear the wounded men being carried off groaning and whimpering. But just outside the door there were still several men, for there was the hiss of whispering and the floor creaked.

Then Arenson's voice said:

"Either she's Annie Oakley or they's somebody in there."

AND now in the lull there was obviously a little panic among the attackers. You could see that Fitzjohn's marksmanship appalled them.

"No skirt can shoot like that."

"Only Beppo can do that—on Hoover's squad."

"Jeez! Perhaps the cops are in there!"

"Naw. The cops would shoot it out in the open."

"Bugs has beat it," some one said. "So has Eddie."

"Where's Settembrini? What good is the rat?" This was Arenson's horrible murderous voice. "Any one who quits now knows what he gets."

"Well, what you gonna do, Slob? What about Horse Blokestone? What you gonna do, Slob?"

"Get the machine gun. We'll do a little mowing through the wall."

"Stephanie," Fitzjohn whispered in agony. "We have to run for it, darling. And now, good luck to us both!"

Taking a knife out of his pocket, he cut and tore Stephanie's skirt from hem to belt.

"So you can climb," he whispered. "Put your gun in your pocket. You will need your hands. Just follow me."

His only hope was to get over the mountainous roof to the northeast side of the house where there was a bleak crazy veranda. This was the nearest point to the lake and the wooded bank. If they could drop off the veranda, they might escape to the bank and the underbrush.

But climbing the roof! He and Stephanie stood on the tin ledge outside the French windows. They looked up. The house piled above them like an Alpine castle. Its sharp steep slate-covered gables glistened hard and slippery in the moonlight. The sky was clear now and endlessly high. The stars were like pinpricks in it and the moon had nearly set.

With three steps and a gentle vault Fitzjohn climbed to the gable above them. He reached down and pulled Stephanie up beside him.

"My shoes!" she said, muttering. "These high heels!"

"Kick them off."

He took off his shoes and gave her his thick Austrian socks.

"Never look down. Pretend you are on the ground floor. Come on!"

Can they make it? They have a long way to go before their escape will be accomplished. And what of John Blokestone—is he master or tool of the racketeers? Excitement piles on excitement; there are amazing and amusing turns in the finale in next week's Liberty.

"That's the way **my** head will feel tomorrow, Prince!"

—not necessarily, dear lady!

New Year's Eve with fun and laughter
Needn't mean a **morning-after.**
Bromo-Seltzer before bed
Helps **prevent** that morning "head"!

New Year's Eve parties are fun, but you want to enjoy New Year's Day, too! So remember Bromo-Seltzer!

Take it *before* you go to bed. While you sleep, it counteracts the effects of the festivities. Another in the morning helps offset shortened sleep—refreshes.

At all drugstores and soda fountains. Be sure to keep it at home, too!

BROMO-SELTZER

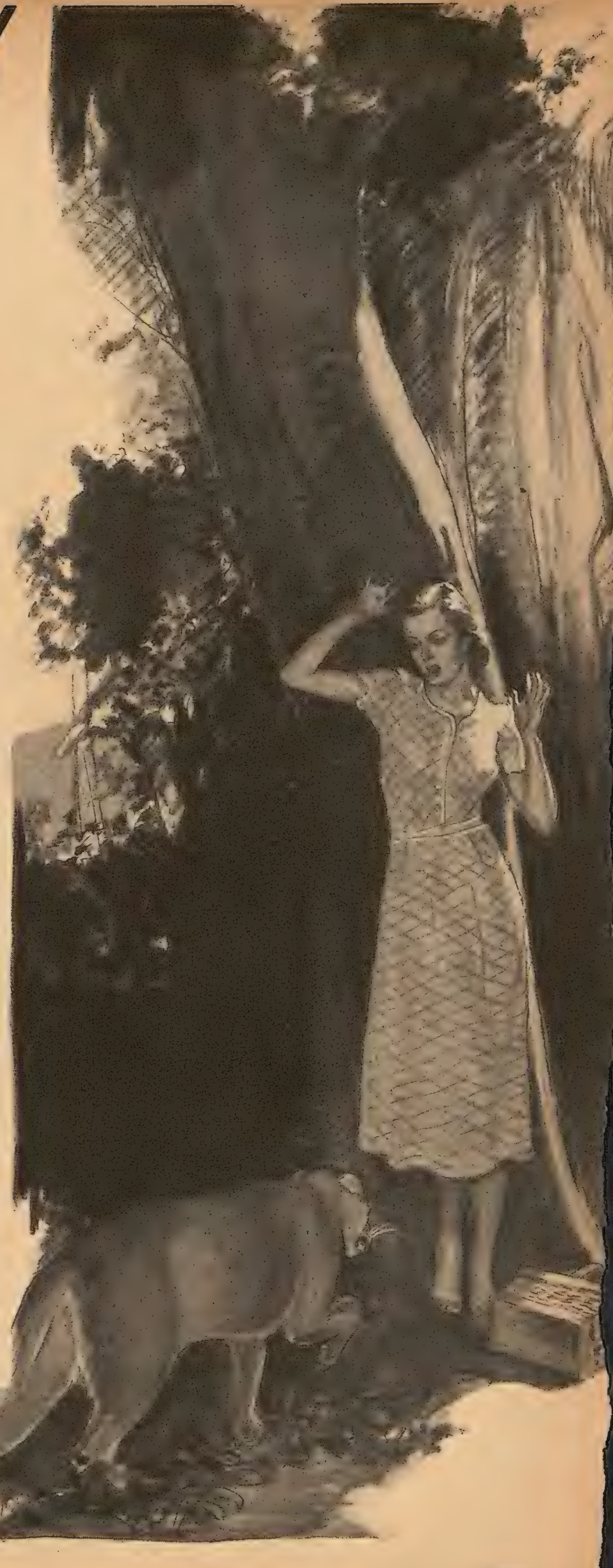
BROMO-SELTZER
For a happier New Year

COREY

From the author of Wild Cat's Kiss—Another captivating tale of the age-old magic of youth

BY HELEN HEDRICK

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



LINDY got the croup again that spring and Mame said that it was up to Corey-Belle, her oldest girl, past sixteen, to take the peppermint and catnip she had mixed across the mountain to Miz Burkley in case her fresh-born baby took to colickin'.

"Corey's tickled half to death, she's bustin' out to go," Lindy hoarsed beside the cooker stove, his legs a loby-red down in a pail of steaming mustard water, an old red flannel undershirt tented on his tow-white head to catch the mustard smoke and best his crouping. "She thinks," Lin jeered, "she's like to see old Rue Purden buildin' on his house as she goes past, don't you, Core?" He laughed and had to stop for coughing.

"You let your sister be, Lin," Mame said sharp. "You're gettin' just like your brother Coke." She stopped her wash and emptied down another kettleful of scalding water. "Besides, Rue Purden ain't got time for girls."

"He better not for Corey," Lindy wheezed, "'cause Coke said he was goin' to bust his head in if he come round here."

Mame could see how Corey-Belle was blushing; the way her fingers seemed all thumbs, a-strainin' out the mornin' milk.

I 'clare, Mame thought, a sort of tender sadness pulling at her heart, that girl has turned a woman overnight, her hair so browny-red and curlin' and somethin' scared and yet defyin' in her face, just like a wild un caught up sharp out in the woods and whirled to face the dogs harassin' it, the way she's breathin' fast and sharp to push her deep full breasts against her bluey dress.

"I guess," Corey-Belle was saying, "I guess if it come to that, Rue could stand his ground with Coke." She stopped off short, to see she'd stumbled into Lindy's trap. Her cheeks were burning like her heart, but all the time that Lin was scoffing she acted like she didn't care and went on tending to the milk, her head up high, as though she didn't know that he was there.

"Rue ain't got time for girls," Mame insisted, and slapped the clothes against her washing board and scattered suds; "he's got his hands full buildin' up his place and tryin' to make somethin' of himself. I wish that Coke was more like him. I tell you, Coke's the spittin' image of his father's brother Jesse, a-traipsin' off today huntin' with the dogs, and here the oak leaves as big as cat's ears and time to do the plantin' of the spuds and corn.

"I tell you, your father wasn't like that when he was livin'," Mame declared, and, in spite of wanting not, her voice was proudy. "He'd have his crops in on time and still do more huntin' than any man about—Lin, you keep that flannel up round your head 'fore I whop your ears—and he wasn't always honin' for a fight, like Coke; but if he met one he didn't crawl into no holler tree,

-BELLE LOVES . . .

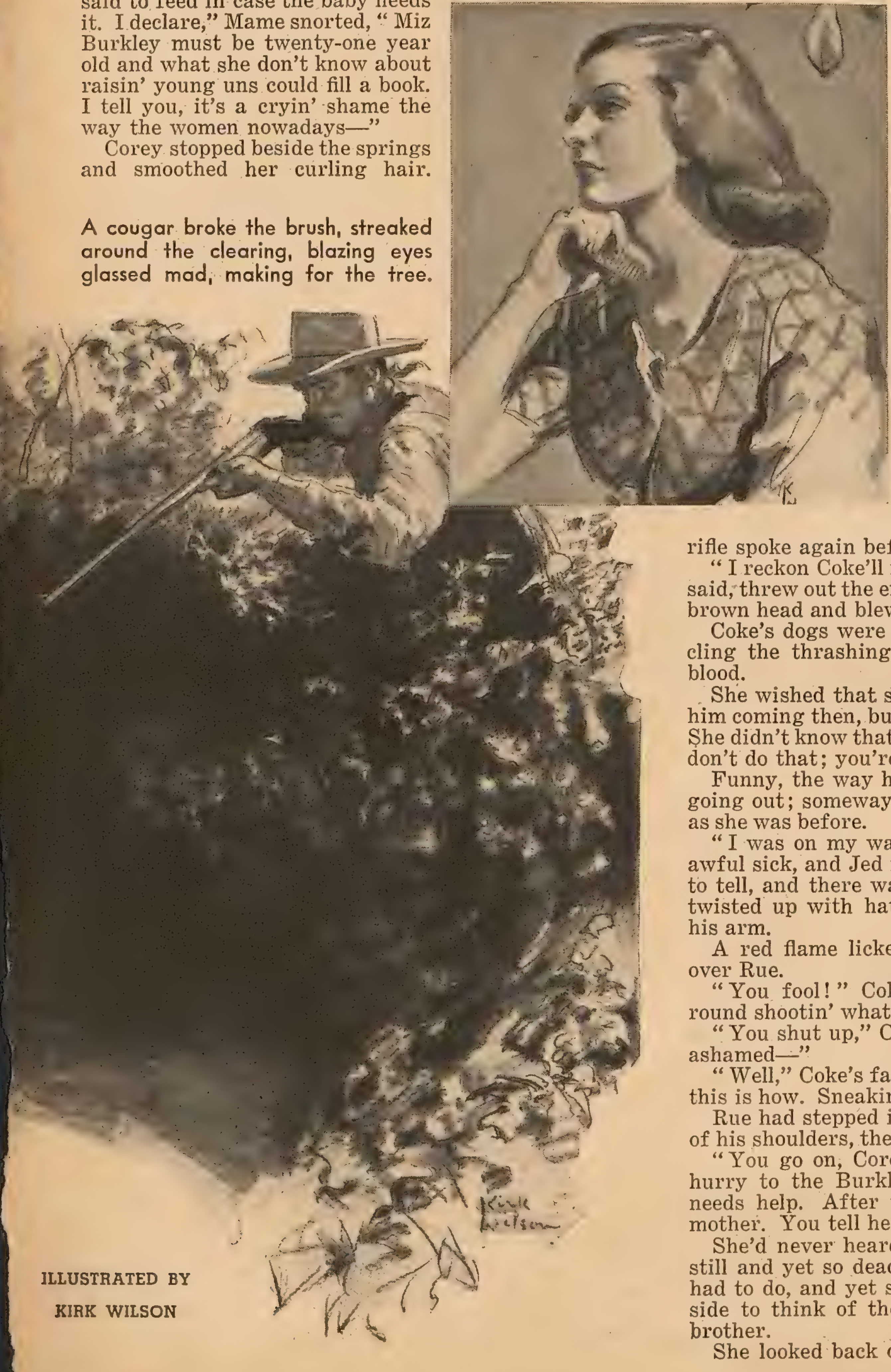
I'll tell you. One of these times Coke's goin' to stub his toe on Rue, you mark—"

"I guess I'll go now," Corey said. She felt the comb down in her dress. She'd stop, she thought, by Marble Springs to fix herself and keep ole Lin from teasing.

Mame dried her soapy hands down on her apron sides and brought a little reedy basket.

"I put some other things in too. You show her how to fix the tea, and show her how I said to feed in case the baby needs it. I declare," Mame snorted, "Miz Burkley must be twenty-one year old and what she don't know about raisin' young uns could fill a book. I tell you, it's a cryin' shame the way the women nowadays—"

Corey stopped beside the springs and smoothed her curling hair. The morning air smelled soft and warm, the pines beyond the clearing all were quivering, and overhead the water alder tree was turning yellow-green. She couldn't seem to help wonderin' if she'd see Rue; it seemed just sitting there combing out her hair that she was going to die a-feelin' all the growin' things of spring about and lovin' Rue, who never had no time for girls and least for her, with Coke always tryin' to fight him.



A cougar broke the brush, streaked around the clearing, blazing eyes glassed mad, making for the tree.

ILLUSTRATED BY

KIRK WILSON

The sound of dogs jerked up her head to listen sharp to know if it was Coke or who a-comin' down the ridge. A cold closed right around her heart to hear his dogs for sure; she knew the voice of Midge drawing out ahead, Dessy and Mout and the mourn-happy sound of Stark when he caught the scent and found it hot; the lifting, falling cry the others made come closin' in wild-eager. She wasn't fooled; she knew with numbing fear that it was some big varmint sure they were heading toward the springs and her.

A cougar full nine foot broke the brush and streaked around the clearing, straight where she stood, heart frozen in her throat, earth-close, head reaching, blazing eyes glassed mad, making for the leaning alder tree. Above the clamor of the dogs she heard a rifle speak out sharp behind her and saw the cougar fling up not ten feet away, claw at the empty air, and then the rifle spoke again before the cat was down.

"I reckon Coke'll fight this time for sure," Rue Purden said, threw out the empty ca'tridge and lowered his rough brown head and blew a little smoke away.

Coke's dogs were raising rumpus in the clearing, circling the thrashing cougar, coughing with its welling blood.

She wished that she could tell Rue how she felt about him coming then, but it was just like ashes in her mouth. She didn't know that she was crying until he said, "Here, don't do that; you're almost grown."

Funny, the way his brown eyes changed, the laughter going out; someway she knew he'd never really seen her as she was before.

"I was on my way to get Mame; the Burkley baby's awful sick, and Jed fell and hurt his leg," Rue started in to tell, and there was Coke, his black-handsome face all twisted up with hate, his rifle held tight and ready in his arm.

A red flame licked over his black eyes as he looked over Rue.

"You fool!" Coke spat. "Who asked you to come round shootin' what belongs to me?"

"You shut up," Corey-Belle cut in. "You ought to be ashamed—"

"Well," Coke's face was ugly dark at sight of her, "so this is how. Sneakin' up here to be with any dog that—"

Rue had stepped in front of her; she saw the deep cut of his shoulders, the lean hard line his body made.

"You go on, Corey-Belle," he called her name, "and hurry to the Burkleys'. The baby's real bad and she needs help. After this, I'll go on down to fetch your mother. You tell her that."

She'd never heard a man's voice like that, so gentle-still and yet so deadly earnest. She knew the thing she had to do, and yet she felt that she was dying there inside to think of the way Coke had of doing—her own brother.

She looked back once, there at the clearing edge, and saw Coke stripping off his shirt and Rue stand waiting. She saw his hand lift up and motion for her to hurry, and she went, because in all her life the thing that Mame had taught her was to do the thing that must be done and not the thing she only wanted.

Her heart kept throbbing as though the trail was steeper than it was. Going down the other side, the green was dappled white with dogwood where the sun struck first, and there in a grassy lane she saw the raw sides of Rue Purden's new-built house; and, out beyond, his fields fresh plowed and planted and a good stand of winter wheat, sea-green already.

It seemed like Mame was talking, for Corey's thoughts spoke out so plain. "Rue Purden ain't got time to look at girls." And now, the girl thought, he wouldn't have for true, not for her at least, because of Coke. He'd likely bring some girl from town to live in his new home.

She put her head down against a split cedar post, and then, remembering what he'd said about the baby needing her, she hurried on, pressed the tears back with her two hands so as not to worry poor Miz Burkley.

She could hear the baby crying before she got near enough to rouse the Burkley dogs. Jed Burkley crippled to the porch, his hurt leg done up with torn white sacks, and yelled at the dogs and made them go back behind the house.

"The missus thought your ma was comin'," Jed Burkley said, and Corey saw that he was worried sick. He wasn't a very much older man than Rue, maybe twenty-four.

Miz Burkley was thin, dark-eyed, and worn with all the baby's crying; her hand was shaking putting back her hair. Corey-Belle saw plain that they were disappointed sore because she'd come instead of Mame. And for the first time thought that it was because of her that Rue had had to wait to go for Mame.

"She'll be here in no time," she told, her voice held braver than she felt.

She washed her hands with soft yellow soap and dried them on an old clean towel before she looked at the baby. "I he'ped with all the kids that come after me," she said. "Mame's told me a heap of things that I can do." She made her voice sound sure and calm, although she was shaking down inside to see the baby laying in his old clothesbasket, his thin blue legs drawn tight against his chest, his little hard beating hands; hearing the thin high wailing coming from the small contorted face.

Miz Burkley had started in to cry and Jed was stumping up and down the porch. "My God," he said, "I'm goin' after her."

"You stay right here," Corey-Belle said, "and build up this fire. I got to have hot water. We got to get this baby warm first of all. You go lay down, Miz Burkley, and try to get some rest; there's nothin' I can't do alone, and you need your strength. I got everything I need right in this basket and Mame told me what to do till she gets here," she said, and wished that she could keep her hands from trembling, picking up the baby, wrapping him gently in folded quilt so he couldn't thrash his legs outside.

"Doctor, are you sure you didn't prescribe a little too much Vitamin B for Junior?"

Jed had the cooker fire going, brought in a bucket of fresh water from the well. A shadow fell across the sunlight. "It's startin' in to cloud up," Jed said. "I look for rain 'fore night, and bad."

She fed the warm catnip tea in little drops off a spoon beside the fire, and after while the baby quieted, and Jed asked anxiously again, "How's he by now? You want me to chuck up the fire some more?"

She'd often heard Mame say that there were times when men were more trouble than they were worth and now she saw just what her mother meant.

By suppertime the babe was sleeping, but Mame hadn't come, and Corey tried to keep from going to the window and trying to see up the dark trail. Wind had come down from Good-Horsepasture Mountains and brought white slashing rain with it.

Miz Burkley waked up and smiled to see her baby smiling gentle in his sleep.

"Land, I feel ten years younger!" Miz declared. And, noticing, "You look awful white, Corey. You must be right wore out, the things you've done. Why, you even got the supper! My, things smell good."

After she had rid up the dishes, Corey showed Miz how to make the oatmeal gruel the way Mame had told her to, cooking it a long slow time and running through a cloth to make it smooth, and how to bring the milk to scumming heat before she mixed it in the gruel to make the baby's feeding, and how Mame always added sorghum for the sweetening.

And all the time that she was talking she listened for the sounds the dogs would make to mark a stranger coming. Inside, the lamplight flickered white, and everything outside so still she heard the slow wind-moan of the pines, the soft slash of the rain against the house and windowpane. She knew she'd never felt so lonely-sad in all her life.

"I can be goin' back home now," Corey said; "you just give him some warm catnip in a spoon if he should get to drawin' up again with pain. He won't, though, if you keep him on this feedin' that Mame uses, and regular."

"I wish," Miz Burkley said, "that you could stay awhile. We got an extra bed in the lean-to, and you'd have it all alone," she urged. Her thin face looked tired and scared again.

"You can't go back across that trail tonight, dark as it is an' rainin'," Jed insisted. "You stay right here. Mame'll know that you're all right. My leg's feelin' better and I'll go up in the mornin' and get Rue to go and tell her that you're going to stay here awhile until the missus can get straightened out, and him. We'd sure admire it if you would," Jed asked, and Miz chimed in her word.

It seemed to Corey that she could not say no, bad as she wanted to go home and find how it was now with Rue. She felt a kind of sickness all over like she was comin' down with chills and fever.

The baby started in to cry and Corey jumped to fix his feeding and held him while he took it. He slurped it down. Jed laughed, like a big ole yearlin' calf; you'd never know that he'd been sick. Miz looked as though a light was on behind her smile when she met Corey's eyes. Two women, and it was just like they were sisters, seemed, the way they felt about the baby.

"I can stay, all right," Corey promised, thinking all the while, Rue's probably home and never thought a word more about me, hoping to dull the fear that ate inside because she kept imaginin' how he'd look beat down by hating Coke; or maybe—she fought the word, but it would come—dead. She learned that night the heart can cry and never show outside.

Corey woke up in the lean-to bed and for a minute couldn't think where she could be, but then she remembered, and the night-forgotten pain crept to her heart again. Dressing, combing down her red-brown hair, she watched the little window turn from gold to clear dawn-red. The night had used up all the rain, and now she could see patches of the sky between the trees, like torn blue cloth.

Jed and Miz Burkley were sleeping like they were dead, and she shook down the cooker stove and built the fire and heated up the baby's feed. When she looked in his basket he was yawning, and she had to laugh to see the color back in his small chunky face.

"You little skunk," she said, so loving, and changed him, fixed his quilt, and held him on her lap to feed him.

THE dogs started voice outside and, the baby on her arm, Corey-Belle opened the door and felt the rising sun strike over her. The air smelled sweet of rain upon the pines and ferny brakes; all along the mossy fence the 'nemones were drifting white, birds had begun calling in the still shadowy ravines, and then she saw Rue coming down the trail.

He didn't say a word to her at first. He spoke to the dogs and they were wagging round his legs, and he looked at the baby; but then he looked at her and she could feel his look flow over her, all down her sides, turning her knees to water.

Why is it, she thought, that when I want most to be able to say things to him I can't? But I can talk all right to other boys, but not to Rue, never to Rue.

"You look so pretty standin' there," he said, "the baby in your arms, and the sun all caught up in your hair like firelight sparklin' and your eyes so sweet—"

He stopped, the blood hot under his sun-dark skin and his brown eyes so shy she wanted to put out her other arm and cradle his rough head. "I was just thinkin' that, Corey, and I went and said it—I'm sorry if I shouldn't—"

"He never hurt you," Corey said. "I—"

"Why, no. Not much, anyhow." Rue laughed and stooped down to pet the dogs, rubbing them behind the

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY
THIS SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES TO ME, CHUBBINS. YOUR MOTHER AND I ALWAYS TOOK IN THE OPERA ON OUR TRIPS TO NEW YORK
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AND WHAT A GRAND EXPERIENCE IT IS!
I DIDN'T QUITE HEAR WHAT YOU WHISPERED—SOMETHING ABOUT THAT CHARACTER BEING SO HAPPY AND CONTENTED SMOKING HIS PIPE
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Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS

ears, busy, so he never looked at her at all. "Afterwards I went down home with him and we got in the spuds before it rained. Mame and the kids was busy plantin' corn. Mame said that you could do anything that she could here for the baby," Rue said, looking up at her. "She said that you could tend a baby good as any woman, and any other thing a person needed done around a house."

It felt just like a song there in her heart to hear him say that to her, but she wouldn't let him know it.

"I got to get the breakfast," she said, and turned to go inside.

He stepped up light upon the porch and held his arm across the door.

"Mame said you'd better stay awhile and help the Burkleys out," Rue said, and Corey felt that she was falling down; to feel him there so big and close, his arm straight across her breast, barring the way.

"Since Jed's been hurt I been comin' down to do the chores. I hope that you don't care," Rue said, but it was like he was asking her for something. But she couldn't say a word. "I come down here last night, but everybody was gettin' ready for bed, so I knew you was stayin' through the night. I waited until you blew out your lamp."

It seemed so strange to think of Rue out there in the night and windy rain and the dogs not even stirring up against him.

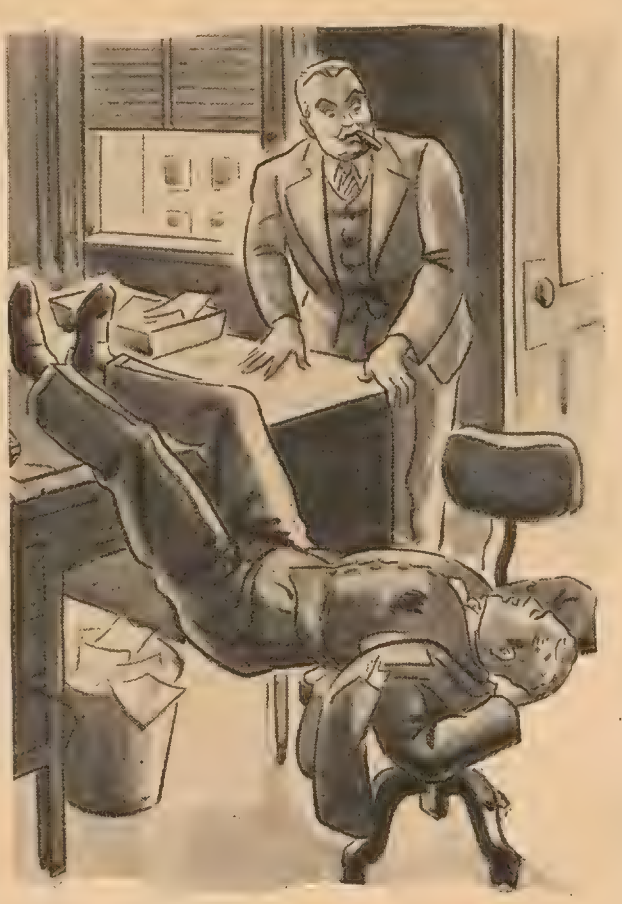
"I had to be sure you were all right," he said, his voice down low, "before I could go home to bed." He dropped his arm. Miz and Jed Burkley were getting up inside the room. "I'll be back," Rue said.

Meeting his eyes, it was just like they had a secret, Corey's thoughts ran swift.

She watched him vault the stile and run lithe and swift back up the trail, lift his arm and turn to her before the trees closed on him.

"He ain't got time for girls—for me," Corey-Belle whispered to herself, but her heart knew. Her heart knew.

THE END

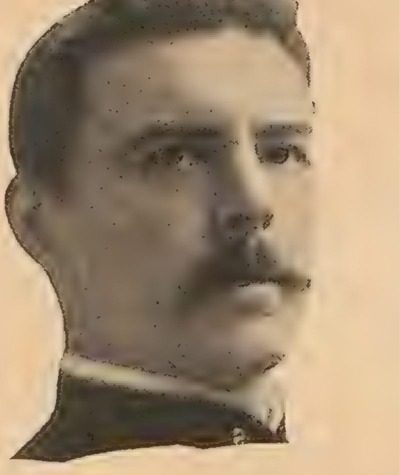


"I'm just turning the matter over in my mind."

---

20 QUESTIONS

1—Ruth Chatterton was his leading woman and for years Frohman was his guiding light. Five kings of France, seven emperors of Germany, and eight kings of England shared his first name; his last name recalls an American poet. Who is the London-born leading producer of the early photo at right?



2—Which fruit was once called the love apple?

3—Who is the author of Golden Boy, which was dedicated to Luise Rainer?

4—Which American library has more than five and a half million books?

5—What is the human body's largest gland?

6—Which city in the U. S. is nearest the Panama Canal?

7—What is the chief food of baby whales?

8—In the manufacture of pianos, which two materials are chiefly used?

9—What prophet condemned music lovers in the Bible?

10—Which metal is liquid at ordinary temperatures?

11—What is the oldest republic in existence?

12—Why would a dentist rather extract five upper teeth than one lower?

13—Is Palestine in northern Africa or Asia Minor?

14—In the ring, which weighs more, a bantamweight or a lightweight?

15—Are saber-toothed tigers captured in India or Australia?

16—Baking soda in the kitchen is what in the bathroom?

17—What have the Dead Sea and Great Salt Lake in common?

18—How do earthworms improve the soil?

19—Which song, once almost too popular, did Riley and Farley write?

20—Who is Hollywood's leading Sicilian-born producer-director?

(Answers will be found on page 51)

COUGHS...

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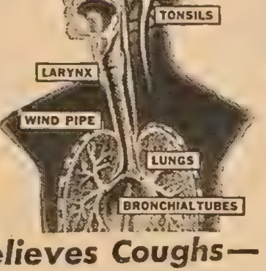

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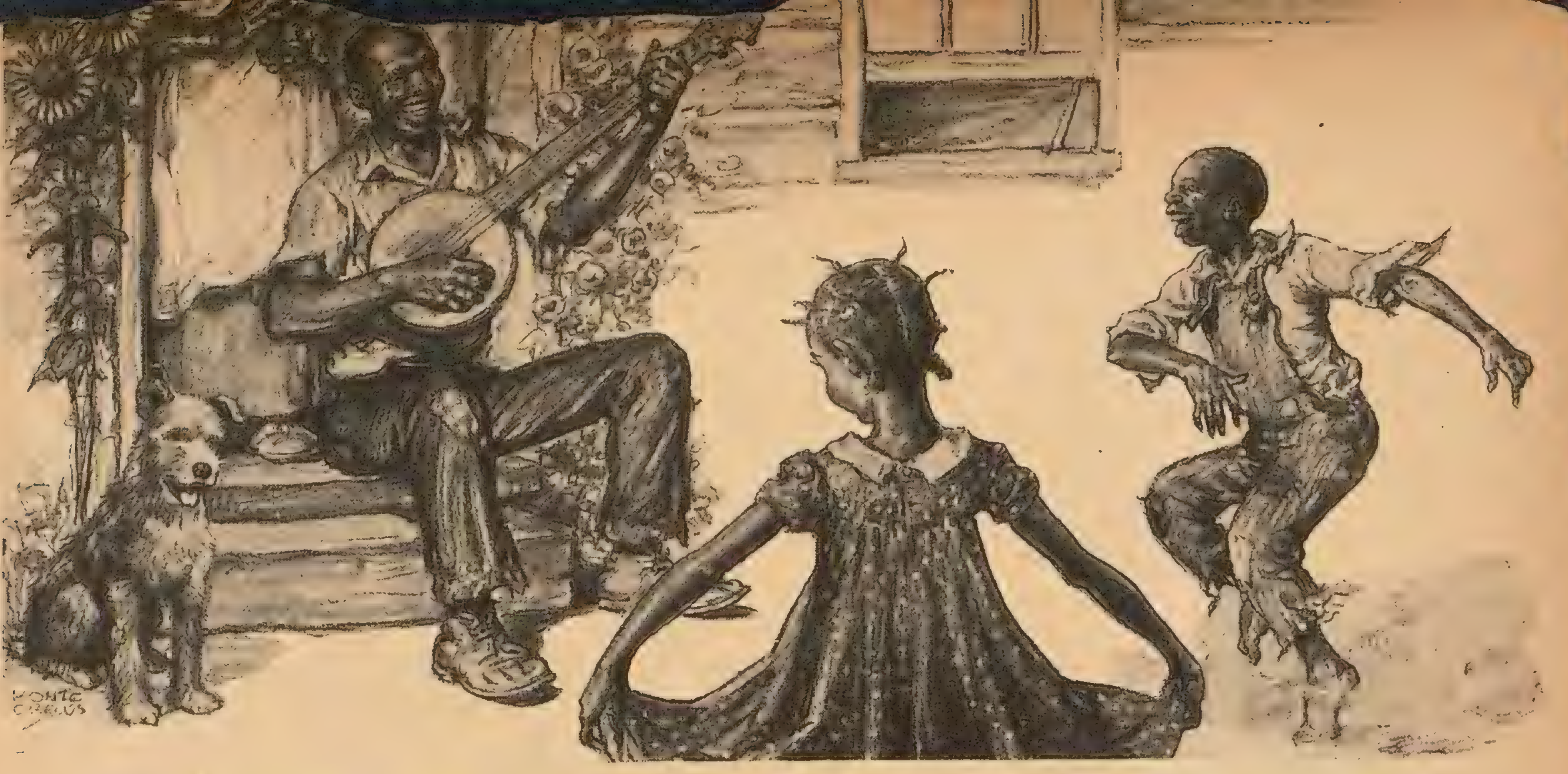

The Negro cares little about the pursuit of money; he would rather stay home and strum his banjo.

I AM A *Prejudiced* SOUTHERNER

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Are Southerners prejudiced? Many people accuse them of it — but few Southerners have cared to discuss their own views in print. Here is one who goes the whole way in frankness and gives you a pungent piece of her mind on some matters of race and history.

BY FRANCES RANSOM

I AM a prejudiced Southerner, Gentile, white, and my ancestors, as far back as any records have been kept of them, have been Protestants. When I state that I am an inhabitant of Mississippi, that backward hinterland that arouses so much horror in the so-called "tolerant" mind, I suppose that anything I say will be construed as the workings of a distorted mind.

Mark Twain once remarked that Satan probably has his side. We too have a side, and I contend that as an American citizen I have a right to present it. With civilization as it is today, the less people say about things that make for racial controversies, the better; but I believe the prejudiced people below the Mason-Dixon line constitute a minority of the nation's population, and as the other minorities are forever howling about their grievances, why can't we join in the chorus?

The first crime that is always charged to the prejudiced Southerner is his treatment of the black man and his *number one* offense—lynching. Well, I can come back with the retort that lynching is the one crime in America today that is on the decline, and if a crime is on the decline we can readily assume that some one is learning how to cope with it.

I know the tolerants will say that it is Uncle Sam's threat of what he is going to do to a certain group if they do not let his little black nephews alone that is directly responsible for this decline. If this is your conclusion, your knowledge of those who participate in the crime of lynching is sadly inadequate. The lyncher is a type very similar to the gangster of large cities. We do not call him into court and make him accept the responsibility of his wrongdoings for the same reason that New York does not convict her gangster; that is, because the first law of the criminal is, Do not squeal on one another.

If the average citizen of other sections believes that all Southerners approve of lynching and enjoy attending necktie parties whenever they can, then there must be something in this aristocracy business, after all; for the most unlearned person in the most backward section of the deepest South never becomes so confused as to think that all New Yorkers are gangsters, and to believe that because they do not convict the criminals they approve of them.

Actually, it is not the average man in the street who is forever making a stir about the only crime that is being gradually stamped out. It is the politician, who has selfish motives at heart, who cares less about the actual suffering of mankind than about what is the most popular issue at the moment.

In spite of the fact that politicians and their motives are forever open to question, there are a few idealistic souls among us who deplore the fact that human life is held so lightly. These sincere souls must know that while the white man does kill the colored in the South unlawfully, and the colored kill the whites unlawfully, the real problem is to convince the colored man that he must put a higher value on the life of his own race. The Bureau of Vital Statistics in any community where there is a large population of colored people will produce facts to make any investigator bewail the colored man's inhumanity to members of his own race.

I believe the reason why friends of the colored race make so little headway toward advancing that race is that they do not know their subject. The ones who know the Negro as he is, and not as what his leaders try to make the world think he is, have never had a chance to help him. They have been too busy coping with Tragic Eras, trying to protect the Constitution their forefathers brought into being, defending the country against peanut politicians who have acute cases of Presidentialitis. I believe the time is near at hand, judging from the way the short-sighted politicians are messing up the finances of this country, when all the statesmen who can be mustered will

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NASAL
IRRITATION
due to colds

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You'll be Happy at the Ritz

have to get busy and cope with a financial disaster, and the balance-the-budget crowd will be the one that will be getting the big hand, and the politician who takes advantage of what people are thinking to further his own ends will find a more popular slogan than "Look away down South to Dixie." Then, where others have failed, the South, with an actual working knowledge of the subject, will be in a position to solve some of the problems of the Negro race.

All Southerners know that the colored man does not put the same value on the pursuit and possession of this world's goods as the whites, and while he may not be accorded the same economic privileges that the whites now enjoy, he is far more likely to stay at home and strum tunes on his guitar when the slightest sprinkle comes up. The Negro does not think that a big bank roll is essential to happiness—and in this he may have something—therefore he is not as intense in his pursuit of money as the whites; and while nature did not give him the energy of the white race, she compensated by giving him the ability to be happy with less. Any value he places on what the whites consider the good things of life has come through association with the whites. But because his condition is one that is arrived at by comparison, it does not relieve the white man of his responsibility to raise the Negroes' living standard as much as possible.

I HAVE heard a lot of bitter words spoken against Southerners who cheat the Negro out of his earnings at the end of the year. Those who deplore this from a moral standpoint and call it by its actual name—stealing—are right; but this wrongdoer is no more open to criticism than the colored servant who sees no harm in "toting a bit" as long as his employer is none the wiser, and the only reason we can afford to be a little harder on the white is because he has had an opportunity to learn better by hundreds of years of teaching.

"Southerners are firm advocates of the feudalistic system." Well, what is feudalism? A man, either by birth or by going into the market place and purchasing it, acquires some land, and in order to make his land pay he hires tenants to help him cultivate it. The fact that all of his tenants are not living on Easy Street is not his greatest concern at present, with cotton selling at the price it does; his concern is to see that all have the actual necessities of life.

In the South, when the landlord prospers the tenants prosper; and those who howl the loudest about the condition of the tenant are those who with their crop-curtailment activities have reduced the income of the landlord and hence the income of the tenant. I submit that it is no more logical for the rest of the population to expect the Southerner to divide up his property, whether it be land, houses, or what-have-you, than it would be for us to expect Mr. Roosevelt to divide Hyde Park into subdivisions and donate it to some of the tenement dwellers of New York. Mr. Lenin certainly knew what he was talking about when he said Russia did not need armies to promote its interest throughout the world. The way the most enlightened of this country are advocating his ideas of government makes us concede that he did not go off half-cocked.

The prejudiced Southerner feels that when Jesse Owens wins a race, when Dr. Carver discovers another use for some agricultural product, or when Bill Robinson makes us happier with his dance, they did not do these things in spite of the white man but because of the white man. If Sudan, where the American Negro originated, has a worthy contestant for the heavyweight championship of the world, he has not come forward.

AND while we are on the subject of the Negroes' native land, it is not out of place to point out that, while the Negro is forever clamoring for a different seat on the bus, he entirely overlooks the fact that transportation in Sudan, with the exception of those places where the white man has taken it under his thumb, is in a very primitive stage. Of course we must admit that he is in this country through no fault of his own. But from the mighty protest that went up when a certain senator introduced a bill advocating the return of the Negro to Africa, we can safely conclude the Negro knows he is faring better here.

When the Negro demands justice in the courts of the land, he forgets that he would not even know what is regarded as justice if it were not for his association with the white man. Prejudiced thinking, my dear Southerner—facts, my tolerant friend.

I believe if the more enlightened members of the colored race will examine most of their so-called benefactors, they will be in for a rude awakening. If you strip aside all the false worship and idealism that has grown up around Abe Lincoln, you will find only an ambitious Southerner who wanted to be President. That he had some lovable qualities no one can deny; but at heart he was a Republican out to beat the Democrats.

I wonder, since historians and those who profess to be experts in the science of government now unanimously agree that the so-called Tragic Era was the worst blunder any group of politicians ever made, why a few bouquets are not thrown at Andrew Johnson, who almost lost his office trying to prevent this tragedy.

"You prejudiced Southerners live too much in the past." If our idols have feet of clay, we at least want them to be clever enough to conceal them. We contend that Lee comes nearer to having a clean record than any one in history, and until we get some one who can take his place in our affections we will continue to look to the past for our ideals.

THE END

Extra! . . Love Wins Again

A bluegrass feud and the doughty Mr. Taylor lend themselves excitingly to the cause of happy endings

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, January 11. The winner will be announced in the issue of February 18.

★ ★ ★ KENTUCKY

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, Richard Greene, Walter Brennan, Douglass Dumbrille, Karen Morley, Moroni Olsen, Russell Hicks, Willard Robertson, Charles Waldron, George Reed, Bobs Watson, Delmar Watson, Leona Roberts, Charles Lane, Charles Middleton. Screen play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote from a story by Mr. Foote. Directed by David Butler. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

MR. SHAKESPEARE started something when he staged his original battle of the centuries, the Capulets vs. the Montagues. Feuds have been drama ever since. This one, suh, starts back in '61 when Kaintucky was torn between allegiance to the North and the South. You all must understand that the Dillons, being Yanks, sided with the No'th; the Goodwins, bluegrass gentry, strung along faithfully with the South.

There were shootings and things—and, years later, Jack Dillon, fresh from school abroad, falls in love with Sally Goodwin. By this time the Goodwins are broke and Sally's horse is the only thing between them and the bread line.

This horse is being groomed for the Kentucky Derby but, alas, Sally ruins him riding through a storm to get help for her dying mother. But, shu nuf, honey, things turn out all right.

Here Richard Greene gets another role that Don Ameche was too weak to play, following his appendicitis operation, while Loretta Young is the lovely lass of the Goodwins. Director David Butler took a camera crew all the way to the last Derby to catch the color of the turf classic.

Studio Czar Darryl Zanuck's ranch makes its first screen appearance as a breeding farm. Bing Crosby plays a bit, unbilled. This Bing is not the crooner but a horse named after him and owned by Mickey Rooney. Hollywood makes so many horse dramas that a regular set of equine extras has developed. Run-of-the-mill nags get from five to twenty-five dollars a day; exceptional horses, fifty to seventy-five; one good miler, Boxthorne, earned $300 a day in this picture.

Loretta Young and Richard Greene in Kentucky.

We mentioned a storm. The Fox property crew is pretty proud of this. It's a concentrated downpour dousing five acres. Four fifty-foot towers and special motorized equipment were utilized, not to mention the lightning effects.

The Inside Dope: This may be a bit machine-made, with its Derby and its good old feud, but the race probably will get you.

★ ★ ★ STAND UP AND FIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Robert Taylor, Wallace Beery, Florence Rice, Helen Broderick, Charles Bickford, Charles Grapewin, Barton MacLane, Robert Gleckler, Jonathan Hale, Minor Watson, John Qualen, Clinton Rosamond, Cy Kendall, Paul Everton, Selmer Jackson. Based on Forbes Parkhill's novel. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THE he-man campaign for Robert Taylor goes on. Here the handsome victim of the tough Manhattan newspaper razzberry tossers plays a bankrupt young Southerner who takes to adventuring out where the West begins.

It's way back in 1850, and shut mah mouth, Ah'm getting mah accent back again.

It seems that the stagecoach line is owned by an independent Yankee miss, managed by tough, two-fisted, unscrupulous Wallie Beery.

There's a mess of action. Barroom brawls, the stealing and reselling of Negroes, a battle between the workers of the new railroad and the stagecoach line, a bit of dynamiting and gun fighting, a wagon wreck, and an avalanche for good measure.

Taylor is first glimpsed at a fox hunt, the gallant gesture of a young man leaving the estate of his ancestors just before it is auctioned off.

And he has plenty of time to look stalwart, handsome, athletic, rugged. Indeed, he went ten weeks without a haircut before the film started, in order to have the real curls for the role of Blake Cantrell.

In hoop skirts and the tight-fitting fur-trimmed velvet bodices of a heroic day is heroine Florence Rice, daughter of Grantland Rice, the sports expert.

Born in Cleveland, educated in the East, Florence has been in Hollywood since 1934.

She's a young woman who knows her own mind, writes fair verse, dances well, plays good bridge, tennis, and golf.

In the film Mr. Beery is as ornery as he was in Bad Man of Brimstone, which means you should like him. And the heroine's Aunt Amanda is Helen Broderick.

Beery flew his own fast plane to location, at Butte Meadows in Sierra County.

There the Sierras play the Alleghenies, and the town of Cumberland, Maryland, was constructed, plus the rails of the new railroad.

And here an original William Galloway engine and two Imlay coaches, said to be the exact ones that bore Lincoln from Springfield, Illinois, to Washington as President, ride the rails again.

You'll see this same equipment at the New York World's Fair.

The Inside Dope: Lots of action and not too much costume stuff. Plus the shrewd direction of W. S. Van Dyke.

All of which should provide a pleasant melodrama of the '50s for ingratiating Bob Taylor.

★ ★ ½ KING OF CHINATOWN

THE PLAYERS: Anna May Wong, Akim Tamiroff, J. Carrol Naish, Sidney Toler, Roscoe Karns, Anthony Quinn, Bernadene Hayes, Philip Ahn, William Law, Ray Mayer, Alex Pollard, Sam Ash, Charles Trowbridge. Directed by Nick Grinde. Produced by Paramount.

HERE you have a manufactured melodrama of dark, dire deeds behind the back alleys and pagan altars and in the subcellars of Chinatown, a set of gambling racketeers with nervous trigger fingers, and a beautiful Chinese woman doctor.

The cast is pretty well wiped out at the end—but the pulchritudinous pill promoter is unfailingly noble and stalwart.

Anna May Wong, always picturesque, is the slant-eyed angel of mercy, Dr. Mary Ling, whose emergency operation on the underworld czar momentarily holds up retribution. You'll find her interesting, and so, too, is the Russian, Akim Tamiroff, as Boss Baturin.

Present, too, is Sidney Toler, who was grabbed by Twentieth Century-Fox to be Warner Oland's successor as Charlie Chan, the Chinese detective with the reverse-English philosophy.

The Inside Dope: If you like melodramas of Chinatown with inscrutable Orientals, trapdoors, and secret underground passages, plus plenty of gong ringing, here you are.

This has one new element—an Oriental lady doctor.

Note: Paul Gerard Smith asks Liberty to correct its review of Shirley Temple's Just Around the Corner. He states that he is the author of the original, credited by Beverly Hills to J. P. McEvoy. Mr. McEvoy aided in the adaptation.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the November 26 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Roy L. Nicholson, 111 East Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for his review of Just Around the Corner.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—That Certain Age (4, 4), Suez (3, 3½), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½), Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Walt Disney's Shorts, (3½, 3½), Sweethearts, If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½,—), The Lady Vanishes (3½,—), Four Daughters.

★★★—Pygmalion (3,—), The Great Man Votes, Gunga Din, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys (3, —), Submarine Patrol (3, 3), Dramatic School (3, 3), Just Around the Corner (3, 3), Angels with Dirty Faces (3½, 3½), The Shining Hour (3, 3), Sixty Glorious Years (3, 3), The Cowboy and the Lady (3, 3), Gangster's Boy (3, 2½), Brother Rat (3, 3), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 2½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel.

BEVERLY HILLS' 1938 SELECTIONS

BEVERLY HILLS' FAVORITE ★ ★ ★ ★ FILMS:

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
MARIE ANTOINETTE

Other ★★★★ films were Mad About Music, That Certain Age, Suez, Men with Wings.

Beverly Hills' selection of ten best performances: Bette Davis as the belle of the 'Frisco earthquake in The Sisters; James Cagney as the electric-chair lad in Angels with Dirty Faces; Dopey in Snow White; Robert Morley as the courageous dullard, Louis XVI, in Marie Antoinette; the fire in In Old Chicago; Charlie McCarthy in Letter of Introduction; John Garfield as the bitter, fatalistic music arranger in Four Daughters; Basil Rathbone as the crafty Louis XI in If I Were King; Robert Donat as the doctor who goes wrong in The Citadel; Melvyn Douglas' war correspondent in That Certain Age.

Beverly Hills' selection of the year's best direction: King Vidor's handling of The Citadel. Next: Anatole Litvak's megaphoning of The Sisters.

Bette Davis

James Cagney

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

TRIUMPHANT *Private Enterprise*

A survey of a heartening past, a look at things to come—A notable series ends

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

As I approach the writing of this last article in this series of ten in defense of the American Way of Life, I am moved to recall all that has happened in this world since Mr. Fulton Oursler, Editor of Liberty, and I first discussed the idea. Rarely do events justify a point of view, a procedure of life, so completely. Events in Europe conclusively prove that the American way, in spite of wars, depressions, confusing policies and politics, provides a more secure, a more comfortable, a more convenient, and particularly a freer way of life than any other on earth.

By the mysterious alchemy of political freedom and private enterprise, we have managed to produce on this continent the most satisfactory procedures of living. Not perfect, of course; but we are not at the end of our road. We shall progress; we shall produce increasingly greater improvements; we shall make life more comfortable for an increasingly larger number of people. That is the essence of the American ideal. That is the justification for the three-phase process of American competitive private enterprise: mass production, mass distribution, availability through advertising.

In 1765 James Watt applied steam to production, and that ushered in the Industrial Revolution which changed the work, the habits, the very life of the entire human race. And that was only one hundred and seventy-three years ago. In 1856 Bessemer invented his process of manufacturing steel and introduced the era of steel which made possible safe living in our large cities, the railroads, the steamships, the automobile, and the million and one products that come out of steel and its alloys. We call this the Age of Steel. It should be called the Age of Increased Human Efficiency and Safety. And it is only eighty-two years since that has come to us.

Edison finally succeeded in fashioning his electric light in 1879. That ushered in our Age of Increased Leisure. For mass production, mass distribution, and advertising developed electricity into a million mechanical metal slaves for human beings everywhere—particularly in America.

And now we approach the Age of Chemistry, of the use of the metals and salts and gases, of the transmutation of woods into a thousand cloths, of milk into metallic and glasslike materials as strong as steel and as light as paper. Who can foretell what amazing products are before us—products which will come out of the chemists' crucible and which will be placed upon America's markets by advertising? In the laboratories of Du Pont, Monsanto, Dow, American Cyanamid, Owens-Corning Fiberglass Corp., Allied Chemicals, and many, many more companies, new products are being developed which in five, in ten years will be ours to use—and we shall know of them only through advertising.

I myself recently saw a sheet of paper, made of chemicals taken partly from brine, which has all the qualities and strength of gut. I asked what they will do with it. The chemist replied, "Before we are through with this we shall know of hundreds of uses for this absolutely waterproof material." A conservative experimenter gives himself at least five years from thought to consumer—from the brain wave to the advertisement.

Why is it that the American people even for a moment permit themselves to believe that there will be nothing new under the sun, when every day the industrialist is working upon absolutely new conceptions? What will television do for us? What effect will the manufacture of neoprene—a rubberlike substance made from coal, limestone, salt, and water—have upon our economy? What will chemurgy do to our agriculture? Today's automobile will soon be outmoded—what will the experiments now under way produce? What will happen when Kettering of General Motors learns the secrets of chlorophyl and how it works?

We are not at the end of our tether; we are on the verge of an age of new discoveries, of a new life. But our industrialists have only recently begun to take the American people into their confidence. They advertise their wares; but they have not adequately advertised their ideas, their hopes, their expectations. They have failed adequately to advertise the methods that produce the goods, the theories that support the facts. Now they are doing that, and they call it "institutional advertising"—a term which I dislike.

Really, what they are doing is praiseworthy propaganda for the maintenance of the American Way of Life, for a system of private enterprise based on mass production, mass distribution, and advertising. When American Telephone & Telegraph Company explains the functions it performs, how it meets disaster and emergencies so that service to the public may continue, it is strengthening the belief of our people in private enterprise. When the Association of American Railroads explains the services, difficulties, and aims of our carriers, it is informing the public on one of today's most controversial problems. When the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company advertises good health, it is performing a social propaganda for our high standard of living.

Industry need not fear its attackers as long as it takes our people into its confidence. There should be no mystery in industry. Industry functions for its customers; it is beginning to advertise to them not only what it wants to sell today but what it sees on the horizon. In such recent campaigns as those of Western Electric Company, American Radiator Company, Equitable Life Assurance Society, and other companies, we see industry recognizing and building toward future mutual progress of the public and business.

For the justification of the American Way of Life is a constantly rising standard of living in a free society. Even in hard times, we must know that the horizon is full of new ideas, of new aspirations, of new and improved commodities.

I cannot help thinking of the great boon which such a simple device as the washing machine performed for our society. I was once addressing a large body of American women at a women's club at eleven o'clock in the morning. These women were keen and intelligent. They were economically part of our great middle class. Most of them did all or most of their housework themselves, and had done it well before they came to this meeting. They would be home in time to provide luncheon for their children of school age. Yet they also had leisure for adult education, for keeping abreast with the times, to read current magazines and the best books, to listen to lectures, to be interested in music.

And one of the reasons for that is the washing machine. Blue Monday is no longer a dreaded day. No longer is Tuesday the day of the universal backache for our women. No longer is the household unpleasant with the odor of hot soap and soiled water. The simple washing machine changed not so much the way of washing clothes as it did the social life of our womenfolk. It is more than a mechanical device; it worked a social revolution.

And that would not have been possible were it not that advertising made the machine universal. What so many of the reformers do not understand is that advertising as a social force stimulates human progress, frees human beings from irksome and tiresome toil, more swiftly brings the products of industrial genius to an ever larger number of people. Sometimes those who would improve society attack advertising without realizing that advertising is one of the most important mechanisms for the achievement of their ideals. They fail to realize that without advertising we should be on a European standard of living—in some places receding, in other places improving, but by a process so slow that its workings are imperceptible.

But *we* go on, rapidly reducing the gap between those groups who at the turn of the twentieth century possessed the comforts and conveniences of life and those who then did not. In a word, if a part of our population is still without the benefits of mass production, mass distribution, and advertising, it is a constantly smaller part. And we can only hope and believe that the day will come when it altogether disappears.

Advertising stimulates competition not only between business and business but between older and newer commodities. For instance, in these articles I have often referred to the electrical refrigerator. I have pointed to its advantages over the old-fashioned icebox with its cakes of river and pond ice. Just as the automobile drove out the horse and buggy, so it might be assumed that the electrical refrigerator drove out the ice chest and manufactured ice.

Not so. The ice industry decided to fight by improving its product. It entered into competition with the electrical refrigerator. It advertised the Coolerator, Vitalaire, Olympic, Leonard, McKee Icedaire, and several other makes of modern refrigerators. This industry answered those who desire to use ice rather than electricity or gas for their refrigeration in home, store, or restaurant by wise improvements and the adaptation of new ideas to their commodities. They offer new types of iceboxes, new features, separate ice chambers, air-conditioned units. And the ice industry itself has completely changed the production of ice. Instead of taking ice out of river and pond, it manufactures ice in modern plants. Today I am told that 95 per cent of all ice consumed in this country is manufactured under sanitary conditions from either distilled or city water. And some of it is distributed in waterproof paper cartons to avoid drip.

And the price of ice has come down, following an inevitable law of competition in American industry when advertising becomes a factor in the sale of a commodity. The ice-manufacturing industry is gaining strength in a market that was all but lost; the icebox industry has also made tremendous gains. The rejuvenation of both these industries has been due to advertising—advertising which has spread healthful, sanitary refrigeration to an extent unknown in any other land. For whether you use ice or electricity or gas, refrigeration means health, a saving in the cost of living, a convenience and a comfort.

Advertisers, in their zeal, sometimes are careless as to their obligations to the public to inform them truthfully of what is available in the new world our industry is producing for us. It has not been the object of these articles to defend the small proportion of dishonest advertisers. On this subject the American Federation of Advertisers has spoken with admirable emphasis:

"The following copy practices are unfair to the public and tend to discredit advertising:

"1. False statements or misleading exaggerations.

"2. Indirect misrepresentation of a product, or service, through distortion of details, either editorially or pictorially.

"3. Statements or suggestions offensive to public decency.

"4. Statements which tend to undermine an industry by attributing to its products, generally, faults and weaknesses true only of a few.

"5. Price claims that are misleading.

"6. Pseudo-scientific advertising, including claims insufficiently supported by accepted authority, or that distort the true meaning or application of a statement made by professional or scientific authority.

"7. Testimonials which do not reflect the real choice of a competent witness."

To this may I add a statement of an advertising man, Edgar Kobak:

"The elimination years ago of patent untruths from our sales message was a great step forward. The challenge of the future, however, is more than that—it is to meet the needs of the consumer in a way that the consumer will like. The troublesome five per cent of advertising that, though peddling no untruths, still causes the consumer to rebel and rise up in objection—or to ridicule—is the kind of advertising that threatens the effectiveness and the freedom of good advertising."

The "guinea-piggers" attack a notable American process because a few of those who employ it are crooked or overanxious. That is analogous to Hitler's associates calling America a nation of gangsters because we have our Al Capones and Dutch Schultzes. It is generalizing from the particular—which is bad logic.

What the advertiser, the publisher, the public must demand from advertising is the truth, made interesting by dramatic presentation but nevertheless the truth. In our country, industry produces so many commodities that are little short of marvelous that the truth itself is dramatic. The American people will always welcome a new commodity, a new idea, a new use of an existent commodity. I say always; I mean, as long as they remain free from the controls of the press and radio which European dictatorships have imposed upon their people.

For, mind you, those who attack advertising so viciously have often a deeper objective, a more mysterious purpose than limiting your knowledge of the facts of American productivity. Often they seek to kill off a free press. Often they would destroy the bulwark of our liberties, a critical press which is vigilant against the destruction of the American Way of Life by Communism, Fascism, or Nazism—by the European "isms" which are attacking us like the horrible virus of poliomyelitis.

They know that as long as our magazines and newspapers and radios are privately owned, as long as their revenue comes from thousands of different sources, they will be free and they will be vigilant. Only a solvent press can be free. Only a solvent press can tell advertiser, subscriber, and government official to lump it when he does not like some article that appears in the particular publication. In Europe, magazines and newspapers often get their revenue either from governments or from political parties. Advertising is not developed there as it is here. Publications do not enjoy the freedom that they enjoy here. They become controlled.

This is another side of the problem, but not one that can be ignored. Capitalism—the American economic process of mass production, mass distribution, and advertising—has as its objective *a rising standard of living for an increasing number of people in a free society.* It is the press that keeps our society free. It can perform that function because it receives its principal revenue from *advertising.*

Thus this process performs many functions:

1. It makes goods and services available for an increasing number of people.
2. It stimulates competition.
3. It brings down prices by making mass production and mass distribution possible in an increasing market.
4. It stimulates research for new and better commodities and services.
5. It serves rich and poor alike by keeping them informed as to what exists and how it can be obtained at any price level.
6. It stimulates markets, thus providing more jobs for more people.
7. It supports and maintains a free press in a free country.

This process has been attacked by some who honestly oppose it but do not understand it; by others who are influenced by a few dishonest advertisers to believe that all are evil; by still others who would destroy the American Way of Life. It is to the interest of the whole American people to defend advertising because advertising serves them.

THE END

Now **A GLAMOR GIRL**

YET FORMERLY SHE WAS AVOIDED
because of—

PSORIASIS

No woman can be a party belle if she is forced to dress unbecomingly to conceal disfiguring psoriasis lesions. Such lesions, too, are a bar to efficient work and seriously hamper a business as well as a social career. Therefore all women and men who suffer from psoriasis should try Siroil. Siroil tends to remove the external lesions of psoriasis or the crusts and scales on the outer skin. It is applied externally, does not stain clothing or bed linen and does not interfere in any way with the daily routine. It is offered on a strict "two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-back" guarantee. Thousands of people have been benefited by Siroil. You owe it to yourself to give it a trial.

ON SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable,* are harmless. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

APPEAL

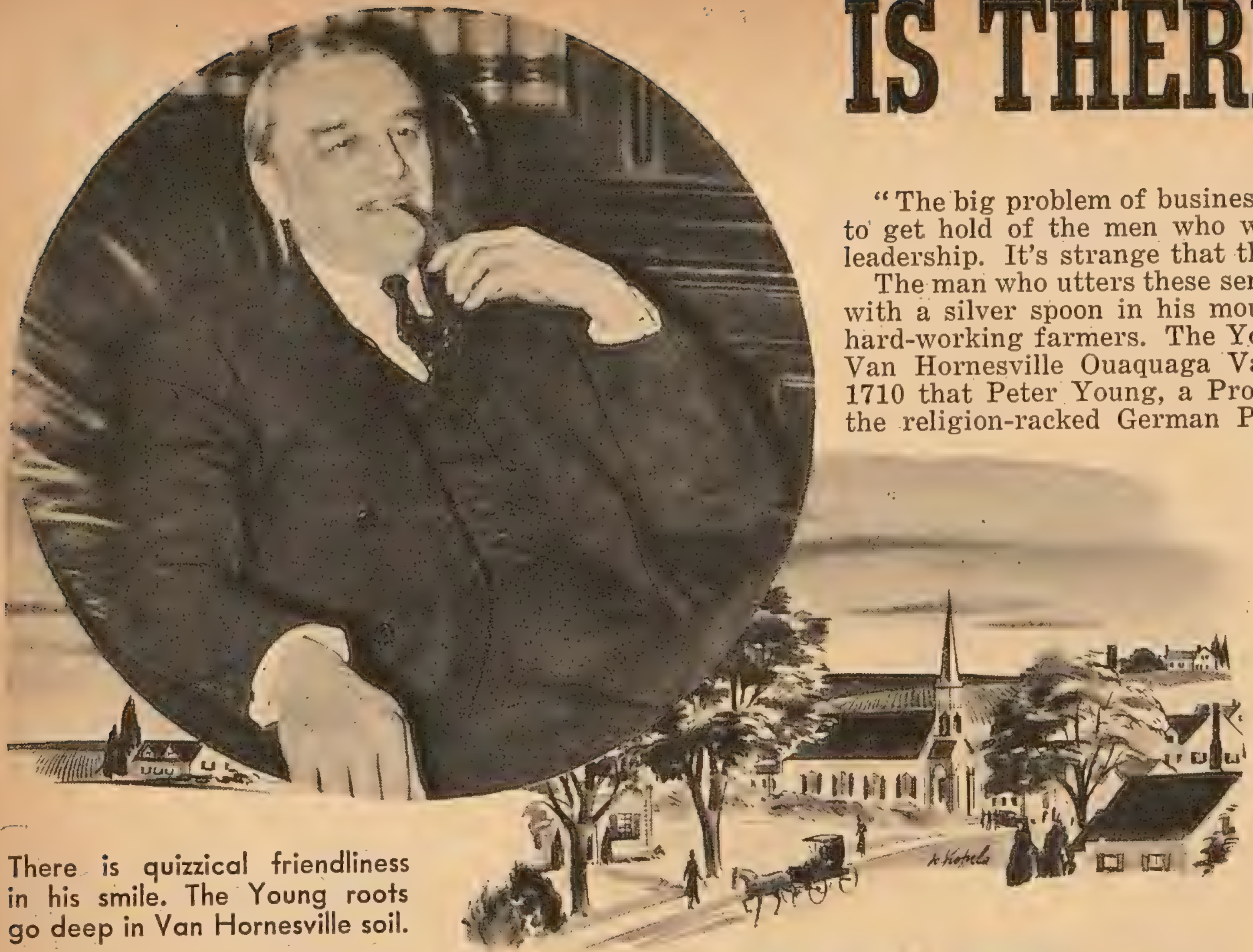
Please don't cough in public. Keep Smith Brothers Cough Drops handy. Just 5¢ a box.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

TRADE MARK

IS THERE A FUT



There is quizzical friendliness in his smile. The Young roots go deep in Van Hornesville soil.

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

I SUPPOSE that it is a tribute to Owen Young's unchanging simplicity that meeting him doesn't make you think of directors' meetings and international conferences and J. P. Morgan and Herr Doktor Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, but rather of plowed lands and full barns and, if you know the man and his background, Van Hornesville, New York.

There is nothing about him to remind you, for example, that he is Federal Reserve agent and chairman of the New York Federal Reserve Bank—offices to which he was appointed last January 31, and to which, as far as is known at this writing, he will presumably be reappointed when his term expires at the end of December. On the contrary, there is a Lincolnian simplicity about the man—homey wrinkles across his forehead and across the sleeves of his carelessly worn coat, a humorous glow in his round piercing eyes, a quizzical friendliness in his smile, a warming genuineness in his deep resonant voice.

If you ask him what led him to take any one of the momentous steps he has taken as head of one of the world's greatest corporations, the General Electric Company, as arbiter of the world's gravest financial crisis, as industrial statesman and international economist, he will reply: "I had a feeling in the seat of my pants."

Being honest as well as modest, Mr. Young is more willing than most successful men are to admit that he has depended for guidance more on rudimentary instinct than conscious reason. But he is the last man to counsel "going it blind." He is an unshakable believer in the value of self-analysis; in fact, in its inevitableness.

As for there being no chance for the young man of nowadays to get to the top, Owen Young is all smiles.

"On the train yesterday," he said recently to a group of young men, "two gentlemen were taking their daily dozen of observational exercises on the state of the nation—how hopeless the boys must be who are graduating from college this year. With full realization of all the problems which you will have to face, I do not share that view. If you can survive the initial shock, you will have before you the most favoring circumstances for service presented to young men of any time."

Owen Young not only preaches this gospel; he practices it in all his vast enterprises. He needs young men, the right young men, to help him in his work.

"The big problem of business today," he says, "is to get hold of the men who will stand the gaff of leadership. It's strange that they are so few."

The man who utters these sentiments was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His people were hard-working farmers. The Young roots go deep in Van Hornesville Ouaquaga Valley soil. It was in 1710 that Peter Young, a Protestant refugee from the religion-racked German Palatinate, escaped to England and won from sympathetic Queen Anne a grant of land along the now famous Mohawk Trail. The Van Hornes came seventy years later, and the two families soon intermarried.

Owen Young's father was a hard-working silent man named Jacob Smith Young. Since all the male Youngs who weren't Peters were Jacobs, this Young was known generally as Smith. Mrs. Smith Young broke the Peter-and-Jacob tradition by giving the name Owen—after the hero of a romantic novel—to the baby boy who came to her on October 27, 1874. The D doesn't stand for anything; Mrs. Young just put it in—perhaps as a concession to Van Hornesville standards of nomenclature.

It was a saying in the valley that the Youngs had no money but that they had something better, backbone. The boy Owen's inheritance was paid largely in the latter currency. His big hands found plenty of work helping Father Smith and Grandpa Peter and Hired Man George Kesselringer take care of the family chores. He was slow-moving but willing—what his mother described as "a good doer."

The Youngs' hired man had had more education than his employers—district school had always been good enough for the Youngs—and it was on his urging that the Smith Youngs finally consented to send their son to the county academy at Springfield, where, in 1889, he was graduated as valedictorian of his class.

Others were now taking an interest in the long, narrow boy. Caleb Fisher, a theologue from St. Lawrence University at Canton, who sometimes "supplied" the pulpit of the little Universalist church at Van Hornesville, told his president, Dr. Alpheus Baker Hervey, about the unusual chap who was superintending the local Sunday school. Dr. Hervey, investigating for himself, was so much impressed that he offered to advance the money personally out of his small salary so that Owen Young could have his chance to go on with his schooling.

Touched and spurred by this generous gesture, Mrs. Smith Young persuaded Mr. Smith Young to put a $1,000 plaster on the old farm, as a result of which the youthful Owen enrolled forthwith at St. Lawrence—the institution of which he was to become, and still is, president of the Board of Trustees.

Early in his scholastic career Owen Young determined to do two things. One was to become a lawyer. The other was to marry Josephine Sheldon Edmonds, a co-ed student in the class just below him at St. Lawrence. It was inevitable, therefore, when he received his degree and

Consider the case of Owen Young . . .

URE FOR TODAY'S YOUNG MEN?

Miss Edmonds' parents sent Josephine to Radcliffe, that Owen should decide to go to Harvard Law School. Harvard, however, wouldn't have him. The course was too hard, he was told, for a boy who had to earn his own way. So he went to Boston University Law School, which was, after all, only across the Charles from Radcliffe and Miss Edmonds. There he performed the double feat of earning his living (by tutoring) and completing his three-year course in two years.

At twenty-two, he was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, and began as a ten-dollar-a-week clerk in the office of Charles H. Tyler. Eleven years later notices went out that "We have this day formed a partnership for the practice of law under the name of Tyler and Young." In the meantime Owen had eked out a living wage by teaching common-law pleading at Boston University Law School.

In 1898, after a seven-year engagement, he married his college love, Josephine Edmonds, and went to live in a fifty-dollar-a-month double house on a north Cambridge side street. Here Charles, the eldest son, and John, who was to die in a Western railroad accident, were born. Later, as his prestige and income grew, the little family moved to a thirteen-room house in suburban Lexington, where Josephine and Philip Young were born.

Owen Young might have remained a quiet, scholarly, slow-going Bostonian all his life if it hadn't been for the interest of his and Mr. Tyler's clients in public utilities, an interest which changed the whole course of his career. Specifically, it led him into the legal councils of the great New England engineering firm of Stone and Webster, and through this connection into direct conflict with the General Electric Company, which had been formed in 1892 by the late Charles A. Coffin.

Mr. Coffin was a great man and a smart one. The lawyer who could lick his lawyers was the lawyer for him. So, a few weeks after one of his most sweeping victories over G. E., Owen Young, on a business trip to New York, found awaiting him an invitation to call on Mr. Coffin at the latter's offices, 120 Broadway. He went, and emerged with an offer of the job of vice-president and general counsel of the General Electric Company.

Frankly, Owen Young was scared to death. He had gotten used to his Boston life. But finally he took the leap. He insisted, however, that he should not be paid the vice-presidential salary Mr. Coffin had offered him until he had proved that he could make good in this big job.

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

From that day Coffin and Young became the closest friends—and when, nine years later, in 1922, Mr. Coffin decided to retire, everybody in the company knew that it was Owen D. Young whom he wished to have succeed him as chairman of the board.

The position of general counsel in a big corporation like G. E. is usually a strictly defensive one. If a rival infringes on its patents or a customer breaks a contract, the legal department moves into action. Owen Young was not content to be that kind of general counsel. By familiarizing himself with every contract in the company's files he was able to anticipate trouble and avoid it. And in the process he learned more about *all* phases of the big corporation's activities than any other one man knew.

So generally was this recognized by his associates, that when the wartime government sent a call to the company for executives and experts, it was unanimously decided that he was the one man who should remain and run the business. He has been running it ever since.

There is a lesson in all this for the young man of today. Mr. Young didn't need to construe his duties as company counsel in the way he did. He didn't need to take on added responsibilities. He might have rested on his job as legal adviser. And if he had, he would still be that and nothing more.

One of the first wartime problems Owen Young had to meet was a strike in the company's Lynn plant. He helped to settle it to everybody's satisfaction. The General Electric Company has had no serious labor trouble since. The great negotiator saw at once that the hundred thousand men and women who worked for G. E. were as important a factor to be dealt with as the hundred thousand people who owned G. E. stock. He also saw, and was the first industrialist clearly to announce, that the workingman was entitled not only to a living wage but a cultural wage. The problem of getting it and keeping it—even in times of depression—for the G. E. workingman he has made his own particular job.

As for unemployment, there is no such word in Owen Young's business vocabulary. "It is ridiculous," he says, "to speak of it as a necessary condition of human society. The world does not owe men a living; but business, if it is to fulfill its ideal, owes men an opportunity to earn a living."

There has always been a succinctness to Owen Young's phrasing of his philosophy, which adds immeasurably to its effectiveness. "The defects of capitalism are a challenge." "A really big man is never a dodger." "International contacts ought to show more conductivity and less useless sparking." "We need, as never before, to escape the heat and to seek the light."

Moreover, these Youngisms are the result of prolonged contemplation—which is, to all appearances, Owen Young's natural state.

This quality of contemplative thought, whereby he reaches with a fair degree of certitude just the right feeling in the seat of his pants, together with an unusual ability to see the thing whole instead of in part, would seem to be his outstanding mental traits. They are helped no end by a persuasiveness that was probably shown in its highest degree of efficiency in what many regard as his greatest industrial triumph, the formation of the Radio Corporation of America and its loud-speaking subsidiary, the National Broadcasting Company.

Generally speaking, no industrialist has ever been so widely popular. Part of this public acclaim he unquestionably owes to his unselfish public service as a co-author of the Dawes Plan and as author of its successor, the Young Plan. Part of it he also owes to his enlightened policy on labor. But the great body of it is due to the man himself, to his quick reaction in times of stress to the claims and needs of the man in the street.

It is too early, of course, to render a final verdict on this many-sided man. At sixty-four, he is still in the saddle; still, in all the essentials, a young man. His beloved wife of many years died a few years ago. Last winter, Owen Young married again. His new wife, a charming and cultured woman of the world, may open up a new life to the boy from the Van Hornesville farm. In the meantime problems of a post-depression era still occupy his mind. At the moment, if I read him rightly, he finds himself, as the phrase goes, "in the middle"—too liberal for the conservatives, too conservative for the liberals. It is the general public, as so often happens, which seems to have formed the true estimate of his character, an estimate well expressed in the phrase often applied to him: "The economist with a heart."

THE END

ere's the inspiring story of one American whose only inheritance was backbone!

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

ROCKABY BRADY

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY T. FISK

Mystery unmasked, peril overcome—A tense and powerful tale leaps to a thrilling climax

THE car's going fast through the desert when I come to. I'm sitting in the back seat, lying back against the cushions. I look out and see them big Joshua trees and the cactus tearing by, ripping right across the face of the moon.

The air is cool and sweet and I fill my good lung with it. It's dusty too, but not much. I don't mind the dust. I just keep breathing in that air. I can't get enough of it.

I feel a soft little hand on my arm, and I turn my head and see the brat. She's sitting next to me. On the other side is Mush. There's two guys sitting on the little folding seats, facing us. They got guns. The guy nearest me is the redhead. His left arm is around the brat's doll. St. Albans is sitting in the front seat, between the chauffeur and another guy.

"So you ain't dead, Rockaby," the redhead says. "That's too bad."

"And I ain't blind neither," I says. "Where are we going?"

"That depends on how you lived," the gun guy next to the redhead says.

"I'll do the talking," the redhead says.

I hear a police siren. Back of us somewhere. Faint but clear.

"Step on it," Red says to the driver, not turning around. He ain't taking his eyes off us.

"Mind if I talk?" I says.

"Naw. After the fight you put up? I win a hundred bucks on you tonight. I figure if you can put me on ice with a tap on the chin, and bust Al's jaw for him, you got to knock out Gonzalez."

Al, I figure, was the guy that was tinkering with the car the day me and Mush found the brat.

"Fallow in on this?" I says.

"Him?" The redhead give me a sneer. "He ain't got the nerve. He ain't even the front for the mob. We just used him without him knowing nothing."

"You framed the Gonzalez fight so you could snatch the brat again?"

"Yeah. In Mexico. No G-men down here."

"You framed it through Pixie?"

"Yeah. She fell for me. And we promised her a cut. It was a cinch."

"But she got the wrong doll," I says, "and you trimmed her."

"I should of slit her throat."

"What's in the doll?" I says. "Fifty grand?"

"You know all the answers, don't you, wise guy?"

"And the brat's the Clavering kid," I says.

"In person; not a moving picture on the screen."

"And where's the other fifty grand? The other half of the ransom?"

Red don't answer that because the police siren blows again. Nearer this time. A lot nearer.

"Lose them cops," he says to the driver.

The car turns sharp. We start shooting down a hill, and the moon's in back of us, shining on the brat's hair.

"I knew you was lying, brat," I says. "But why?"

"Because I didn't want to be Hilda Clavering," she says. "I didn't want to go back to Hollywood. I wanted to stay with you. Always. Always!"

"You crazy little nitwit," I says. "If you'd come clean with me, we ain't here now. I'm in the hospital. And you're back in your own home."

"I don't want to go home," she says. "I hate it. I hate mama and daddy. They ain't real. They don't even like me. They adopted me out of a home. I didn't lie about that. They make me work. So hard! And study. I never get any fun. Being kidnaped was the best fun I ever had—until they tied and gagged me."

"You shouldn't ought to done that, Red," I says.

"No?" he says. "You know what they give you for the snatch? The kid knew too much about us, and we couldn't take no chances turning her loose."

"Even for a hundred grand?"

"You can't spend a hundred grand with a rope around your neck."

"And now?" I says.

"You name it," he says. "What else can we do?"

He knocks me cold, talking so calm and soft about knocking us off, the brat included. I'm wondering why he don't bump us all then and there and get it over. But I don't suggest it. I figure maybe it's because them cops are so close behind.

Every time that siren blows I get a creepy feeling that's almost like joy.

"The fools!" Red says when it blows again. "Tipping us off. Keep moving, Larry."

"I'm so sorry, daddy," the brat says. "But it's too late now, isn't it? It's all my fault. Lying. Being a brat. God will punish me."

We were running along with the moon again, and I seen tears in her eyes, tears that didn't drop, just stayed and made her eyes glisten bright.

"Will you forgive me?" she says. "And will you hold my hand when they—when they—"

"Sure," I says, not wanting her to finish the thought. "I'll never let go."

Gee, I thought, if I could only do something! If I only could! But, even if I was well and strong, I was just as helpless as she was.

"I'm not afraid now," she says, "only I got such sins on my soul, daddy. Terrible sins."

If I could have laughed then, I sure would have laughed.

"Shut your eyes," she says, "and let me just talk to you. Pretend you're a priest and I'm making a confession to you."

"Ix-nay," I says. "That's out. I ain't no priest." But when I seen how the brat took it, I says, "All right. Deal me in. But make it snappy."

That's it, I thought. Play with her. Any game she wants. It'll take her mind off what's coming.

"God will forgive a little girl, if she's really sorry," she says. "Won't He?"

"Sure," Red pipes up. "Sure He will."

Man, was that a left to the kisser!

"All right," she says. "The first sin I remember was fighting with another girl over some spaghetti left in the big platter."

"Arrah," Mush says, "that ain't no sin—unless she licked you."

"No," the brat says; "I licked her. And it was a sin, because I hit her with the platter. Then, when they come to look at us, mama and daddy, I mean, I pretended to be a goody-goody. I knew mama was an actress, and I said I wanted to be an actress."

"You wanted to get out of that place, didn't you?" Mush says. "That ain't no sin."

"Shut up, Mushy," Red says. "Let the kid confess. If you ain't got no religion, don't monkey with hers. Go on, kid."

"Thanks," the brat says. "The

next one I remember is telling a director to go to hell. And kicking his shins. And calling him names, and kicking over a prop tree that fell on papa's head. I was furious, daddy. And now I don't even remember what it was all about."

I could see her throat working in the moonlight.

"That all, brat?" I says.

"No," she says. "No. I've told so many lies I don't remember them all. I told you I wasn't Hilda Clavering. I swore it, cross my heart. I told Red I wouldn't snitch on him. And I did."

"You little devil," Red says. "You done that?"

"Yes," she said, and turned her little puss to me. I swear you never seen such contrition on anybody's mug, no matter what they done nor how sorry they was. "Tonight. In your dressing room. You remember, daddy. Just after Mush brought you around with the smelling salts. I told them about Red and Al and Fallow."

"Oh, you dirty little liar," I says to her. But not out loud. Not on your life. "You sweet little liar!"

"I gave them my solemn word," she says. "I promised if they didn't hurt me I'd never, never tell on them. I'd never identify them for the police. And they didn't hurt me. They were really kind, all except tying me up. And that didn't hurt. And I broke my word. That was a great sin, daddy, wasn't it?"

I SEEN Red swelling up with anger. But I seen he was afraid too.

"Arrah," Mush says, "that wasn't no sin, and you that frightened it was pitiful to see. And the cops forcing you to tell. Sure, Rocky, she couldn't help it."

"It's all right," I says, spreading a little soothing syrup. "You guys ain't done nothing yet. Except take us for a ride in the moonlight."

"Shut up," Red says. His voice is kind of panicky.

The guy sitting next to him goes balmy.

"Kill them now!" he screams. "What are we waiting for? She snitched, didn't she? The cops are after us. They'll get us."

"Cool down, Dizzy," Red says, under control again. "I'm bossing this job."

Nobody cracks until the siren slides up a little nearer. Then Red shouts, "Open her up! Lose them cops or I'll plug you."

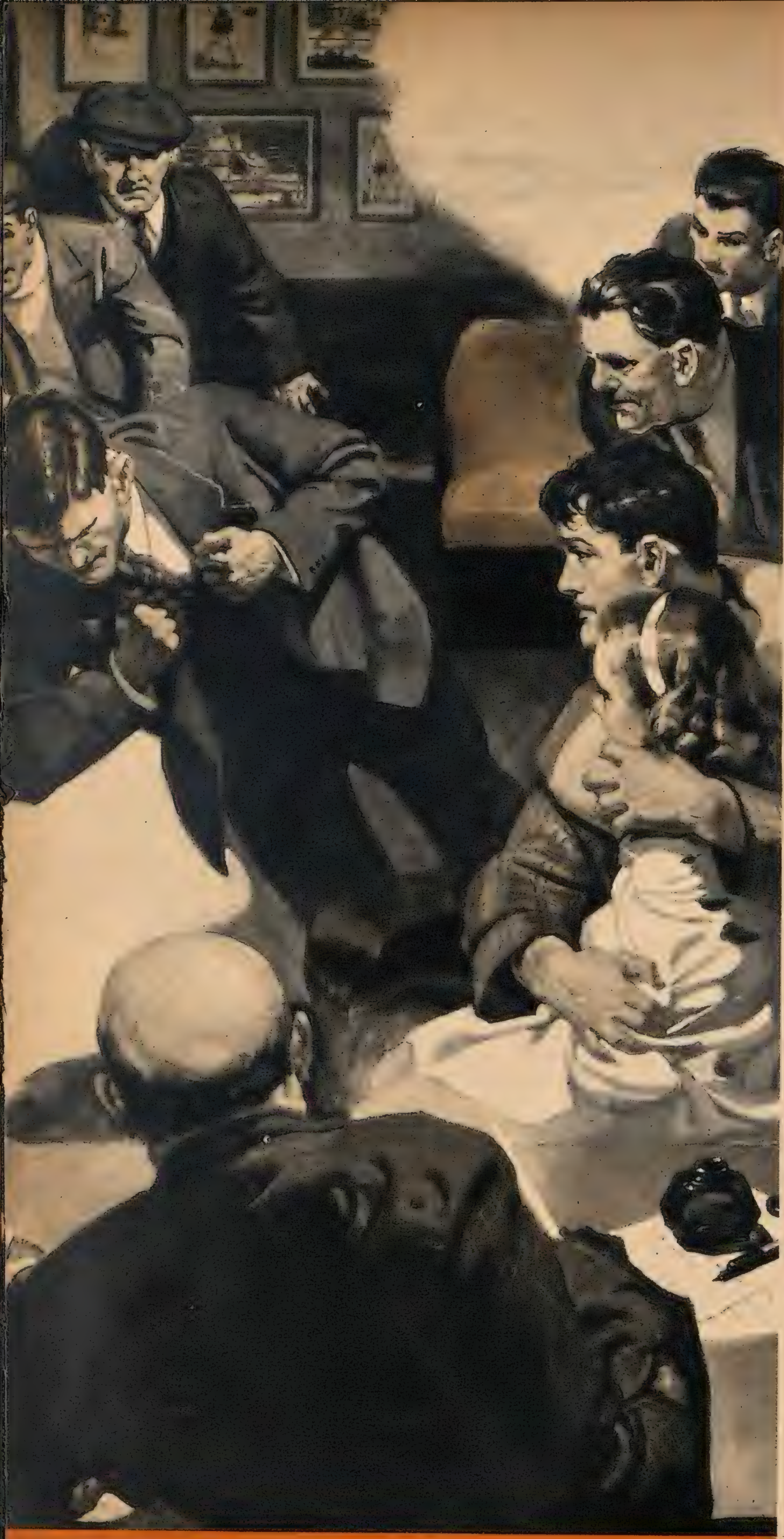
Larry opened her up, jouncing us up and down on the back seat. And there wasn't no sound of a siren.

"We've lost 'em," Red says. "Hit for the drop."

After a time I seen lights ahead, and way down below us. We're heading right toward them. And the brat's quivering again and her hand is cold and trembly.

"I'm chilly," I says, pulling my bathrobe closer across my chest. "Mind if the brat gets up on my lap and warms me?"

"I don't care if she bites you," Red says.



I don't see no gun on Fallow. But I heard the shot. And seen Red drop.

"Thanks," the brat says, sliding on to my knees and putting her arms around me and her cheek against mine.

When we hit the town we kept to the dark spots, going slower. We stop a hundred yards or so behind a dobe hut.

"See if everything's jake, Larry," Red says.

I can't see the brat's face and she can't see mine. But I know she's O. K., because her hands is calm and unhurried, stroking my hair. Larry come back in a few minutes, and says, "O. K."

"All right now," Red says to us. "Everybody out. And don't run."

Dizzy gets out first. Then Mush. Then me and the brat. Then Red. St. Albans is the last one out. He kind of stumbles, and I hear a click, like some one is cocking a gun.

"Who done that?" Red says, scared.

Nobody answered.

"Larry!" Red says. "You sure you didn't see nobody?"

"No," Larry says. "Nobody."

"There's somebody around here with a rod," Red says. "I heard him."

"I heard him too," Dizzy says. "It's a trap!"

"Shut up," Red says.

He shoves the gun against the small of my back.

"Move," he says. "All of you. And keep quiet."

We moved toward that dobe hut. Halfway there we heard a twig snap. Off to the right. Red's gun digs into my flesh.

"Hustle," he says. We almost run.

There's a door open in the back of the hut.

"In," Red says. "Quick." We went in, quick. Red and his three pals come in right behind us. The door was slammed and locked and bolted. Red turns on a switch, and we all look around, blinking like owls on account of the sudden light.

WE'RE in somebody's kitchen, and there ain't no windows in it. Just a table and some chairs and a sink and a cupboard. But American stuff. Not Mexican.

The other door opens, and there stands Fallow.

"I can't say I'm much surprised," I says.

"Well, well, well," he says. "Sock-a-Guy Brady! We was just wondering about you. Come in. Have a drink on the house. You and your friends."

He leads us through a corridor into a sort of parlor, with soft chairs and a table, and fancy ash trays and a desk in one corner. And there's framed pictures on the walls. Kid McCoy. Harry Wills. Corbett. Dempsey. And —I give you my word—Rockaby Brady.

"What a fight!" he says. "What a fight! What a fight! No wonder they call you Skyrocket, Skyrocket. How you rocketed that simp Gonzalez! Sit down here."

He indicates a chair by the desk. I sit down and pull the brat up on my lap, and Fallow begun to write something on the desk.

"I lose my shoit," he says. "But I seen a fight. It was woith it. Duffy Ryan confides in me you only got one lung. So I put my shoit up. And Gonzalez is still out. The bum!"

I look around while he's writing. Mush is sitting next to me but nowheres near. St. Albans is across the room. Red and Dizzy and Larry are hanging around the door, the guns still in their dukes. Only Larry ain't flashing a rod. The other guy is in the kitchen.

Fallow finished writing and shoved the paper at me. It's a receipt for a thousand bucks.

"Sign it on the bottom," he says, and hauls up a roll of bills.

There ain't nothing better to do, so I sign it and hand it back. He puts the roll of bills in my mitt.

"I get it," I says. "You had to have that receipt first —to cover you."

"I'm a business man, Baby-By," he says. "And now, a little drink? A whisky sour? An old-fashioned, maybe? Scotch-and-soda? A gin fizz? Something to warm you?"

"I don't drink," I says.

"Well," he says, "how about your friends?"

"No," St. Albans said. "I'm too frightened. And the cops will be here any minute. There'll be shooting."

"Cops?" Fallow says. He looks at Red.

"We heard sirens," Red says, "but we give them the go-by."

"The brat snitched," Dizzy says. "Tonight, after the fight. She mentioned you too."

Dizzy's sweating like he's in a shower.

"So!" Fallow says, still looking at Red. "I said snatch her back right away. But you was smart, Hank. No, you says. The kid's dumb. A cluck. And she's scared. She won't talk. Sadday night, you says. Make Go-By Brady and Gonzalez fight, and snatch her when nobody's got a chance to make a play. I shouldn't listened to you. But I don't know then you're a fool. I think you're a tough guy. I think you're maybe smart. And so what happens? The cluck squawks. And the cops is looking for us. You bet on this fight?"

"Yeah," Red says, "and I win a hundred bucks."

I don't see no gun on Fallow. But I heard the shot. And seen Red drop. And I seen Fallow's coat pocket blazing. And I seen him slapping out the fire.

"So," he says, "you win a hundred bucks, and we got to lam."

The brat buried her face in my bathrobe and her nails dug into my shoulders.

"Give me the doll," Fallow says. Dizzy gives it to him. There was a little blood on it, but neither of them cared about that.

"Sorry, Fallow," I says. "There ain't even sawdust in that doll."

He don't believe it until he yanks off the head.

"If that doll could only talk," I says, winking at St. Albans. "If it could only talk!"

Fallow comes over to me, slow.

"So," he says, "you got a punch. And you got brains. Where's the sawdust, Hushaby?"

"I give it to a circus," I says.

"Coicus," he says. "Good. And I'm a coicus piffoimer. Knives I throw. Maybe they miss. Maybe they don't. It all depends."

"Open, in the name of the law!"

The voice is loud enough to fill the room. I jump up. Everybody jumps. Even the brat.

"The cops!" I said. "That's the captain. I know his voice. He's outside. At the front door."

THEN we hear a voice shouting something in Spanish, a high thin voice that's all excited.

"A Mex," Dizzy said. "In the back."

"Throw down your guns and come out with your hands high in the air, Fallow!" says the first voice. "We got the joint surrounded. I give you five seconds."

"Pronto," says the other voice.

"And come out the front door."

Then we hear other voices. They seem to be all around.

"Don't shoot!" Fallow shouts, throwing his gat on the floor and kicking it under a chair. "Don't shoot."

He can't get his hands up quick enough.

Larry and Dizzy were standing in the doorway. They couldn't move. Fallow, screaming "Wait!" run toward them. He run like a guy in a dream, trying to speed up and just barely able to move. He bumped into Larry and Dizzy. The three of them went down in a heap.

"Three seconds, you rats!" the voice cried outside the front door.

The three of them got up and beat it. St. Albans, Mush, and me picked up the guns on the floor as soon as they left the room.

"It's all over, brat," I says. "You're free."

She didn't get it.

"The guy in the kitchen," Mush says. "And the door locked and bolted. He'll be coming back this way."

St. Albans stepped out into the corridor, waited until the kitchen door swung open, and fired twice. The guy fell, and the door banged against his head.

Fallow and his pals whirled around, hearing the shots.

"Get away from that door," St. Albans says, and he ain't shaking no more and his voice is calm as you please. "Lift your hands. High."

They lifted them. High. And quick.

"Get back in the parlor," St. Albans says. "And line up against the wall."

They done it, scared to let a peep out of them.

"Mr. St. Albans, gentlemen," I says, "is a ventriloquist. And a good one. His girl friend thought he was too high class for the Mariposa. He put on the swellest act you ever saw, didn't he?"

"Sure, Rocky," Mush says. "I thought them was real cops outside, with tommy guns. And it was him talking all the time? St. Michael, St. Patrick, and St. Albans!"

"And was it him blew the siren?" the brat says.

"Nobody else," I says.

"Summon the police," St. Albans says to Mush, "on both sides of the border. And get an ambulance for Mr. Brady."

"I don't need no ambulance," I tell him. "I can walk."

"Go now, then, before the police arrive," St. Albans says. "They might keep you here hours, asking tedious questions."

"I'm going," I says. "Me and the brat. You and Mush can hold these guys, even without no gats. But just to make sure nothing happens, I'm slipping a rod in each of your coat pockets. Don't turn."

"Thank you," he says. "That was thoughtful, Mr. Brady."

"Sure, Rocky," Mush says. "It's half naked you are, and people on the streets looking at you, and you walkin' with the lassie."

"I'll stop at the casino and put on some pants," I says. "Come on, brat."

"And a shirt," the brat says.

We didn't say nothing until we got a couple blocks away.

"When did you find out about me?" the brat says.

"The night Pixie eloped with the dummy," I says. "After you went to sleep I went rummaging around. I found your doll and looked in it. I knew Pixie didn't want that doll just to fool around with. Then I knew who you was. I went and looked at your hair and seen the roots was blonde."

"But you went ahead with the fight," she says, "knowing I was Hilda Clavering! Knowing I was rich!"

"There wasn't nothing else to do, was there?" I says. "Even if you come clean with me then, I got to fight Gonzalez. And I figured you must have a good reason to say you ain't who you are when you are."

There was a colored boy in my dressing room. Mopping up.

"Outside, brat," I says. "The boy'll help me dress."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Rockaby," the boy says. "Sure be proud to. I seen you fight, Mr. Rockaby. That was me in the top row rooting for you. Yes, sir."

"I was lucky I win," I said. "I was all in."

"And Gonzalez," he says, "was all in too. They taken him to the hospital."

"Gee," I said. "That bad?"

"You busted all his ribs with that last punch, Mr. Rockaby," he says. "You busted his whole family's ribs."

I got dressed and the brat and I started home, taking it easy. Just after we crossed the border the police sirens let go, and cars full of cops whizzed by us.

And while he was looking at the taillights of the last car, who come sneaking along but Mush. And St. Albans. Walking behind, like he don't know Mush.

"Hurry," St. Albans says, "and stay out of the light."

We head into a dark street.

"What's up?" I says.

"They attacked me," St. Albans said. "In concert. I had to shoot them. But only in self-defense."

"What give them courage?" I says.

"Just after Mr. O'Leary got through to the police," the ventriloquist says, "Gonzalez came in."

"Gonzalez?" I says. "The guy I fight?"

"Yes, of course. He came in. He had a gun. 'Take him, fellows.' he says. 'I got him covered.'"

"Yeah?" I says. "Then they rushed you and you let them have it? And Gonzalez run away?"

"Sure, Rocky," Mush says. "It was black magic. One minute Gonzalez is there. And then there's three dead gunmen on the floor and no Gonzalez."

"Well," I says, "they was kidnapers and killers, and all that. And I ain't sorry to hear they're dead. I ain't shedding no tears over them. But they got courts in Mexico too. And good ones."

"But—" St. Albans begun.

"But," I says, "you should have imitated somebody else's voice. Gonzalez is in the hospital an hour with a fractured rib."

"I was thinking of Pixie," the ventriloquist says after awhile. "I got to thinking that if the police questioned those three, they'd talk. They'd implicate her. I didn't want her to go to jail. I was justified in killing those men, for her sake. Hasn't she suffered enough?"

We're walking along the same street we walked the first day we hit town, and I think how Judith looked the first time I saw her. And I think how she'll look when she sees me now. And I see what the guy means. He done it for Pixie. Well, maybe I'd kill more than three guys for Judith. I don't know.

"Arrah," Mush says, "I see it all now. Him throwing his voice, and them rats falling for it, and falling dead for it, and him thinking of a girl. How many men has died over a girl! And why not, if you ask me? Did I have a gun in my mitts, and me in that car, I'd have murdered them all for the lassie."

There was a light burning on the front porch, and Judith was sitting in the window, watching the street. She seen us when we was a block away, and come a-running, her heels beating home sweet home on the sidewalk. I tried to run too. But it was too much. I went down like McGinty to the bottom of the sea.

Mush and St. Albans carried me in and put me on the sofa in the parlor.

"I'm O. K.," I says.

Judith is as glittery and happy as a Christmas tree. Something chokes me, looking at her.

"Gee!" I says. "Gee!"

I can't say nothing but "Gee." A girl like her loving me like that.

The brat's at the phone, calling a doctor. I can't look at Judith any more. It's too weakening. It's too exciting. So I call to the brat.

"Call up your mama, brat," I says, "and tell her you're all right."

"If I do that," the brat says, "she'll make me come home."

"Well," I says, "home ain't so bad. And acting ain't such hard work, now, is it? You like it. Don't you?"

"Oh, all right," she says, pouting and sulky. "Go ahead and marry the girl. I'll go home. I'll be an actress. I won't get in your way. I hate you."

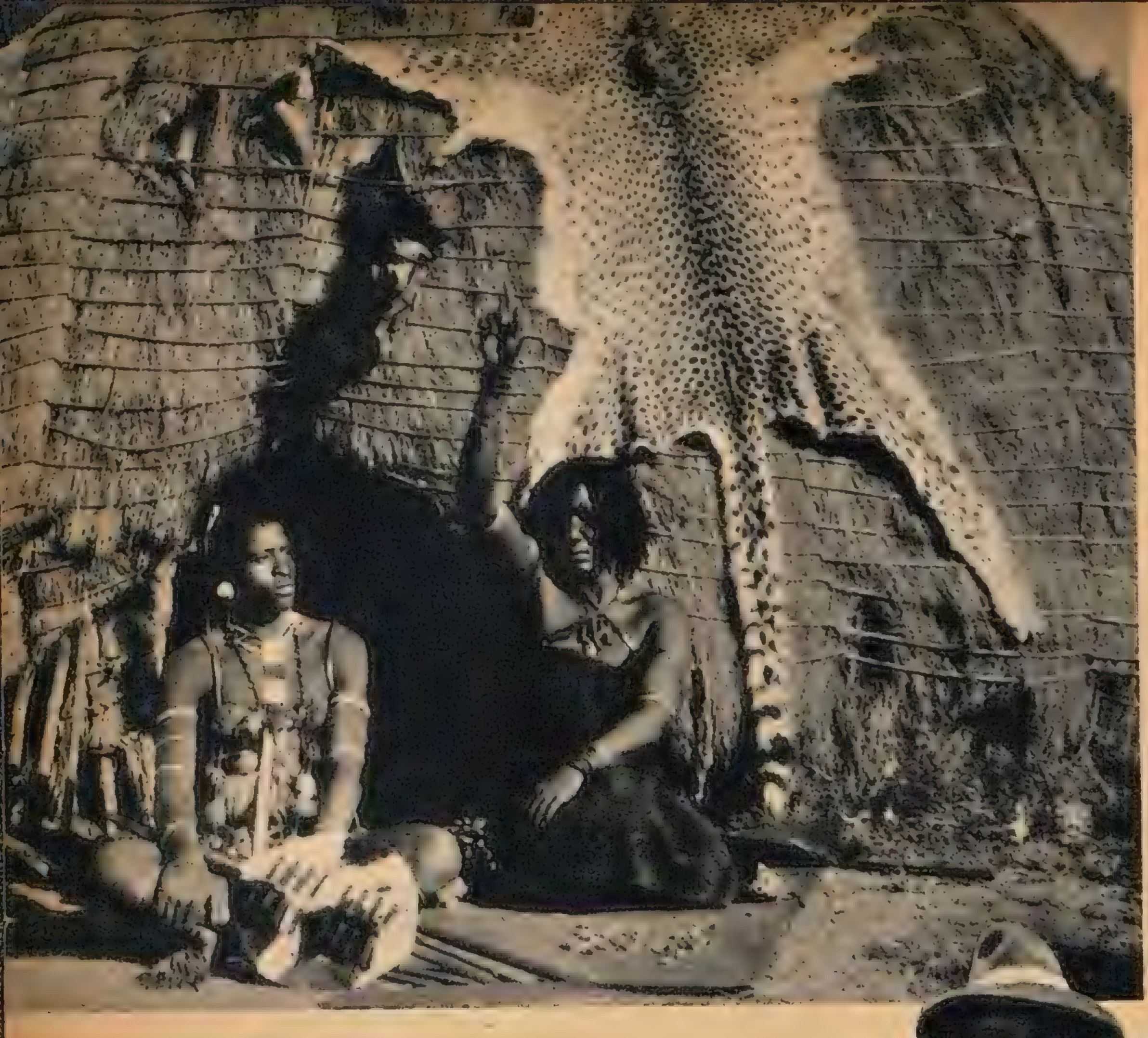
"Swell," I says. "And we'll come out to see you, me and Judy, when I get out of the hospital. Maybe you can get me a job in Hollywood, because I'm through fighting now. I won't never fight again."

"Oh, I will," she says, dancing because she's so happy. "I'll make you my leading man. Operator! Operator. Get me long-distance. And hurry. Please hurry. Oh, daddy, I'm so happy!"

"Sure, Rocky," Mush says, "we win a fight when we should have been murdered. We rescue the lassie. We win the reward. We marry Judith. We rest up in the finest hospital in the world. And we're movie actors. Arrah, what a night! Sure, if my stomach wasn't sticking to my backbone with hunger for a steak and a cold boiled potato, and maybe a bit of an onion, it's the happiest man in the world I'd be this minute."

THE END

"George is so thoughtful, mother! He remembered it was your birthday!"



Tuadekili, the black pythoness, and one of her patients, a warrior, outside the hut.

BLACK PYTHONESS

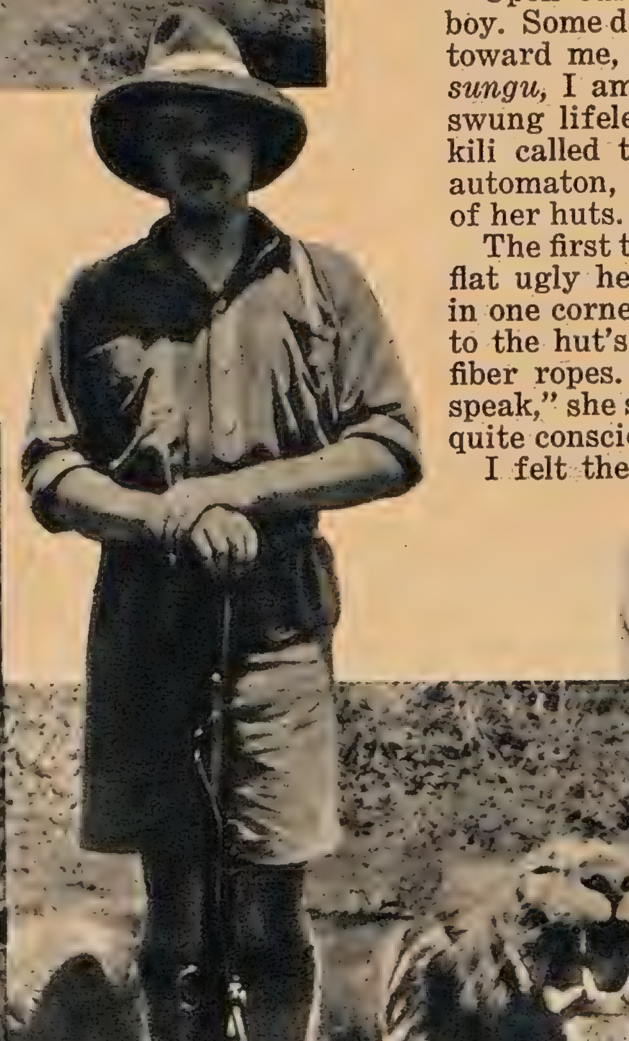
IN a hut in northern Zululand, with a twenty-foot real python, lives a sister-under-the-skin of the historic pythonesses—meaning spirit diviners and witches—of ancient Crete. I cannot profess to have fathomed her system of healing. But I have seen it work something like a miracle, the most dramatic demonstration of witchcraft I have ever seen in thirteen years in Africa.

My native cook, Zamani, had been so badly mauled by a lion that a white doctor pronounced his left arm to be hopelessly paralyzed. Zamani *knew* this Princess Tuadekili in the mountains could heal him; so I started on a thousand-mile journey to take him to her.

Upon our arrival she isolated the boy. Some days later he came running toward me, shouting joyfully, "*Musungu,* I am healed!" His arm still swung lifelessly at his side. Tuadekili called to him. Turning like an automaton, he followed her into one of her huts. So did I.

The first thing I saw was a python's flat ugly head reared above its nest in one corner. Tuadekili tied Zamani to the hut's central pole with strong fiber ropes. "Do not move. Do not speak," she said to me—and, although quite conscious, I could do neither.

I felt the python's head touch my



Just killed! This is the lion that mauled Zamani, who saved the cameraman's life from it.

A close-up as Tuadekili begins to work healing witchcraft on her warrior patient.

BY COMMANDER ATTILIO GATTI

foot, but I could not tear my eyes from the chanting Tuadekili. The snake began to enwrap me in a hideous embrace. Up it spiraled until its eyes were level with mine and its weight nearly pulled me to the ground.

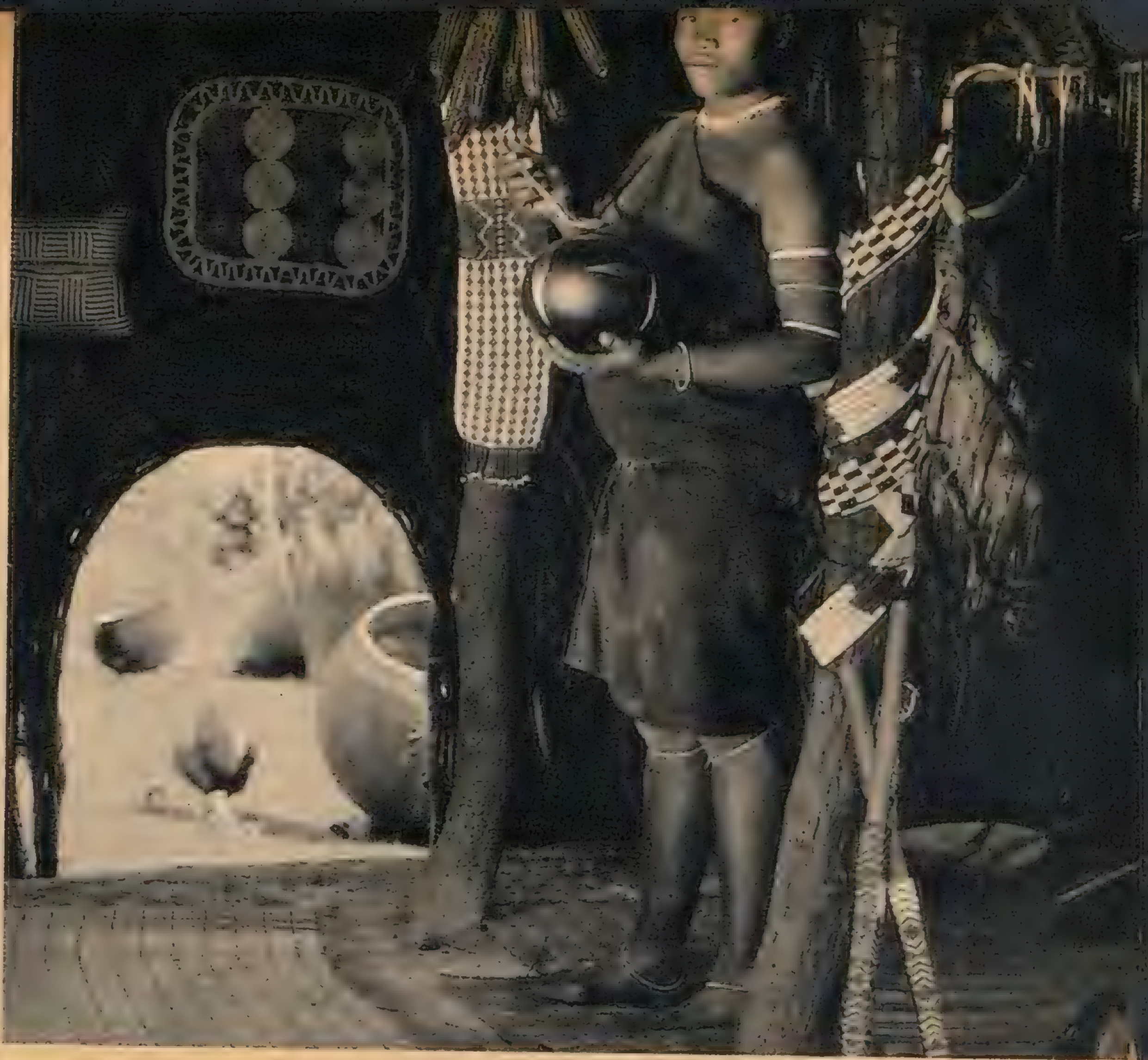
Then Tuadekili's chant broke off. "Zamani!" she cried wildly. "Save your *Musungu* from the python!"

Zamani was out of my line of vision, but I could hear his sobbing breaths and the cracking of the fiber as he struggled to free himself.

Then, in a moment, it was over. The python had uncoiled and glided back to its nest. My boy was kneeling at my feet, beseeching me to tell him that I was safe. And Tuadekili was regarding me with an enigmatic expression in her slanting Mongolic eyes.

"Umkulum Kulu, the greatest god, has healed your boy, *Musungu*," she informed me.

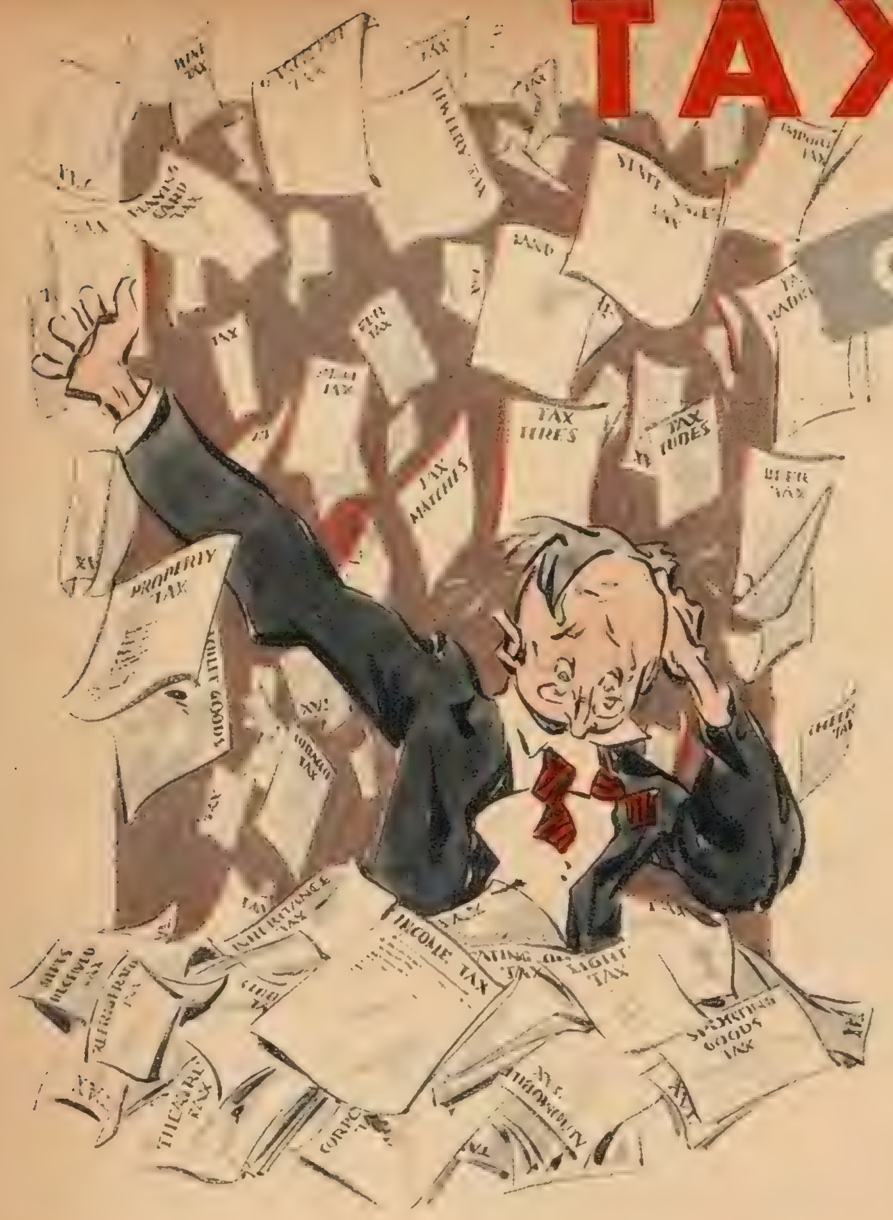
Certainly something had healed him. Whether the credit was due to Umkulum Kulu, to the python, or to Tuadekili herself, I do not know. The fact remains that Zamani's arm was completely restored, and that during the eighteen months he continued to serve my expedition he had nothing more serious than a few healed scars like service stripes to show for his encounter with the lion.



Inside one of Tuadekili's huts. As befits a princess and a pythoness, she owns a number of them. It was to the pole corresponding to the middle one in this picture that she tied Zamani when she so mysteriously healed his left arm.

Below: The spear-throwing feature of a Zulu war dance. Young Zamani is right-handed, but while his left arm dangled useless he felt loath to take part in these manly ceremonies. Now he prances and throws his spear with the best.

TAXES ON THE HALF-SHELL



Is a tax strike coming in America? A warning lesson from world history

BY JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IT costs the American people nearly eighteen billion dollars a year to pay for government.

The official bill for the fiscal year 1936 reached the staggering total of $17,047,000,000, more than one fourth of the national income, and an increase of more than two billion dollars over the 1935 costs.

The federal government cost eight billion six hundred million dollars—up one billion eight hundred million.

State governments cost nearly two and a half billion.

Local governments cost six billion.

All this means taxes and taxpaying. It means that the average man or woman pays taxes to the tune of some $425 a year. You are taxed on your house and land; if you pay rent, you pay the landlord's tax. You are taxed on transportation, heat, and light, by franchise and other corporate and general property taxes. Whether or not you pay a state sales tax, it is impossible for you anywhere to buy the simplest thing without paying dozens of different taxes on it.

Uncle Sam collected last year more than $1,150,000,000 from your indulgence in beer, wines, and hard liquor, tobacco, and playing cards.

He nicked you for nearly $69,000,000 on luxuries such as furs, jewelry, toilet goods, radio sets, sporting goods, club dues, and theater admissions.

Well over $650,000,000 went down the red lane of the national budget in consequence of your need for matches, tires, tubes, gasoline, lubricating oil, automobiles, and mechanical refrigerators; of your check-writing; and of your inheritances and gifts received.

And then the country had to pay Uncle Sam more than two billion three hundred million dollars in capital stock, excess profits, and income taxes.

And now we face the prospect of still more taxes.

We can't stand them and we won't pay them—not beyond a certain point. History bears no record of any people who did not become expert tax dodgers when the shoe pinched. Taxation destroyed the later Roman Empire. The American Revolution began with a sales tax.

Small wonder that from time to time in the long course of history statesmen have arisen to call a halt to the theory that people exist for the tax collector. Some two thousand years ago the Hindu Manu observed that taxes "should press lightly on the people. There should be a graduated and flexible scale of taxation. *Taxes must be levied in kind so that the state gets a good share when the people are prosperous, and its taxes do not press so heavily when there is a depression.*"

Centuries earlier than the Manu's words of wisdom, a certain wise Jewish gentleman named Joseph became prime minister of Egypt and reorganized the Pharaoh's tax system. His policy was to save in the fat years against the coming lean years and to collect a definite share of the crops and industrial production and a definite period of public work from laborers for the benefit of the community. His system worked so well that the wealth of Egypt came to be one of the wonders of the world.

Those principles are as applicable today as they ever were. The Mormons took up the old idea of the tithe—the tax in kind—and applied it to modern agriculture and industry. As a result, they made the Utah desert blossom like the rose.

What farmer in America would be affronted if you offered to take a fifth or even a third of all he produces instead of rent, mortgage dues, and taxes?

What worker would object if he could escape all of his indirect taxes by one day's unpaid work a month? What industry would object to turning over a tenth of its output in the place of all its present heavy taxes?

What salaried man but would feel vastly relieved if one tenth or one twelfth of his income were deducted at the pay roll, leaving him otherwise tax-free?

How could all this be done in modern America? One way has been suggested by what is called the Social Credit idea. This suggestion may not be entirely practical. Yet we must eventually come to some system as painless as this one is in theory if we are to escape either being bled white or developing into expert tax dodgers.

We have let ourselves become hypnotized by the money angle of taxation. We still think the way to reform is by still higher taxes and by punishing the people with big incomes at the same time that we make it necessary for them to earn those incomes in order to pay the taxes we have levied on them. The time to take a slice of their 1939 incomes is in 1939, not 1940. Otherwise we simply push them on to get richer still, as in fact they have been doing.

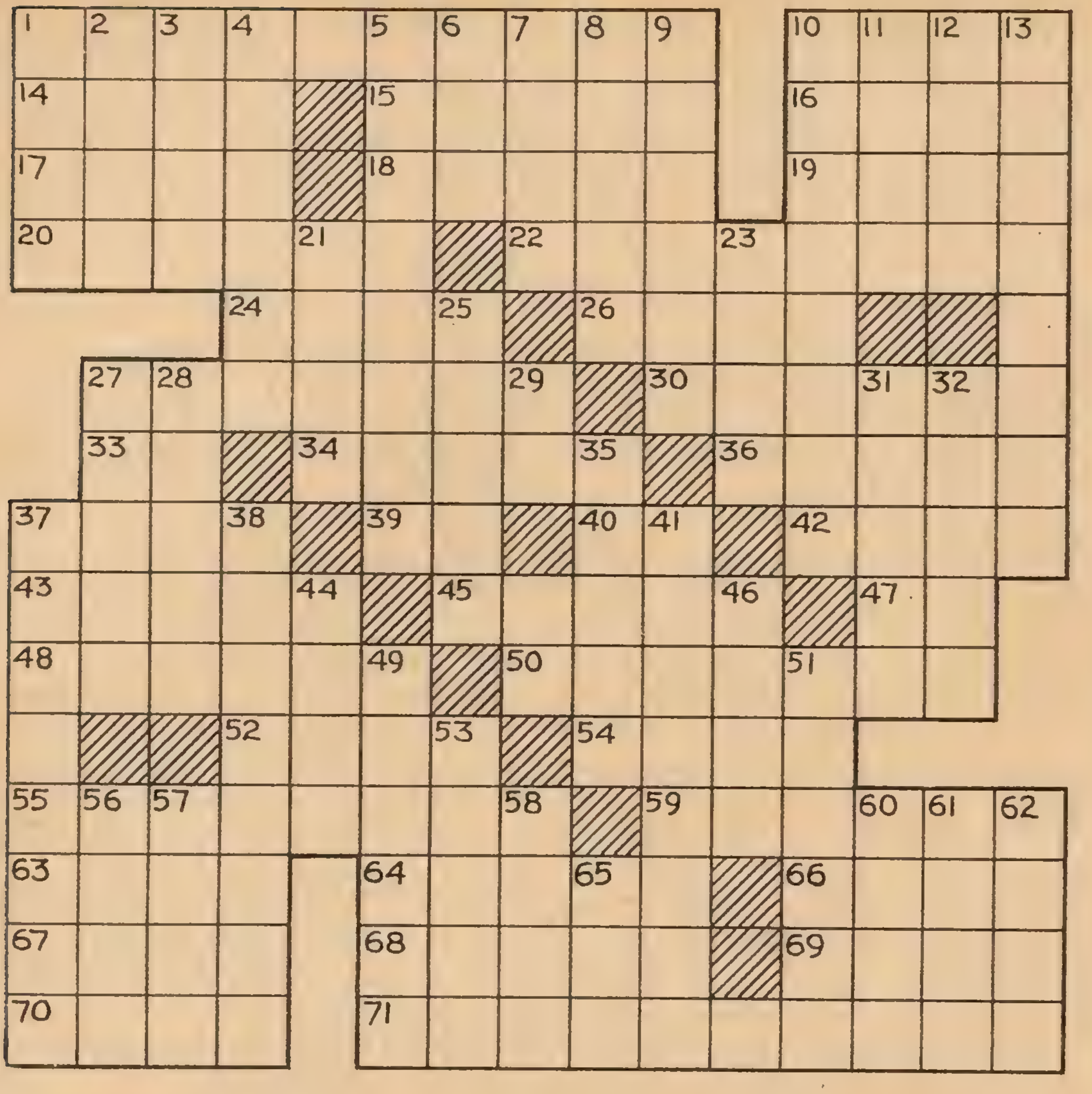
There are people today who, with these considerations in mind, are advocating a type of taxation which, they contend, has worked well whenever it has been tried. They are for collecting from people the goods and services that people produce, instead of the money that our banks use as a means of exchanging goods and services.

They warn that, unless something of this sort is done, against his will the taxpayer will be forced to take part in the growing tax strike.

THE END

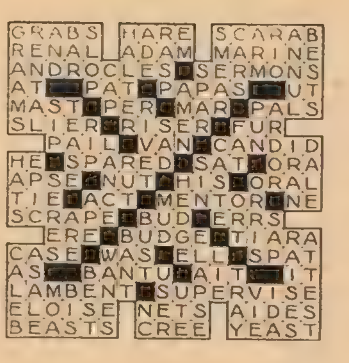
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Harry Hopkins makes him look like a piker
10 Bosses of the milk business
14 Cheesy advertisement
15 A big nit
16 Exclamation, exclamation!
17 Old gent, dispossessed at midnight, December 31
18 Gal's name
19 Apartment with lots of atmosphere
20 Broiled rubber heels
22 Information windows
24 Derby ransoms
26 This collects on smoking-room walls
27 Disease caused by bite of the love bug
30 Come out, come out, wherever you are
33 A little connection
34 Gives the old social ice to
36 Wood used in a smokestack
37 Blasting machine, wind-operated
39 If you hear this, run, do not walk, to the nearest exit
40 The people
42 Chips off the old blockhead
43 Where to stay around rattlesnakes or collectors
45 The cry of youth
47 Tease
48 He got an awful sock out of the Big Apple
50 This tops a queen
52 They did away with the widow's weeds
54 It's a scheme, folks
55 Chico Marx says it can happen only in the Orient
59 Last word in anything (pl.)
63 Kind of gal who finds herself I-filling
64 What old-fashioned men got married for
66 Skip the trolley wire and run wild
67 Proffer backward
68 Eroded
69 Super-joy
70 Brazilian dough (pl.)
71 Leaders in the naval race



GRABS HARE SCARAB
RENAL ADAM MARINE
ANDROCLES■SERMONS
AT■■PAT■PAPAS■■UT
MAST■PER■MAR■PALS
SLIER■RISER■FUR
PAIL■VAN■CANDID
HE■SPARED■SAT■ORA
APSE■NUT■HIS■ORAL
TIE■ACT■MENTOR■NE
SCRAPE■BUD■ERRS
ERE■BUDGE■TIARA
CASE■WAS■ELL■SPAT
AS■■BANTU■AIT■■IT
LAMBENT■SUPERVISE
ELOISE NETS AIDES
BEASTS CREE YEAST

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Two-legged beer containers
2 Opening for a young man who wants to go down in the world and pick up a living
3 Bridgeport with icicles
4 Singular verb, present tense, obsolete, Scotland
5 Active verb, followed by kissing
6 The burning question at Xmas
7 Maiden who gives and gives at Xmas
8 Employers
9 Opening for a young man in the Orient
10 Glass panties
11 Round at the ends and high in the middle
12 Man without a spine
13 The law's problem children
21 Romantic juxtaposition of two sets of orbicularis oris, one smeared with a perfumed salve
23 Dumb
25 What a crab does to a disposition
27 If this were your family name, would you name your son Swimming, Kelly, or Table?
28 Tell's apple corer
29 Look out (abbr.)
31 Rough parties
32 Guys wot don't snuffle dair cawfee outa saucers wid dair hats on
35 Wet grounds
37 What many greet New Year's Day with
38 Sweet empties of love
41 The boss
44 Fuel for the pipes of Pan
46 Og siht sekam yenom
49 Required
51 Umph
53 It whistles as it roars through the night
56 Kind of man who plays basketball with a woman's heart
57 103
58 222
60 Blow-hard
61 Preacher's swear word
62 Views
65 Remember Shane's Tercentenary (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY!
NEW THIN GILLETTE BLADES
THIN Gillette BLADES
4 BLADES 10¢
Gillette
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● Now at a price you'll be glad to pay, Gillette offers a superior thin blade that is precision-made to fit your Gillette Razor exactly. It flexes perfectly, stands up for shave after shave and gives you real comfort and satisfaction at a big saving. Ask your dealer for *Thin* Gillette Blades in the new red-and-black package.

FOURTH WEEK'S WINNERS

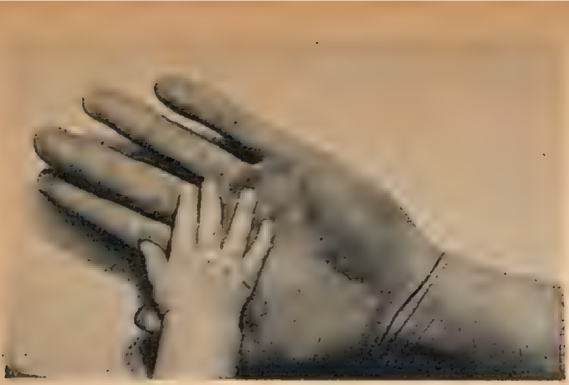
AND A FINAL CHANCE TO WIN!

$2,100

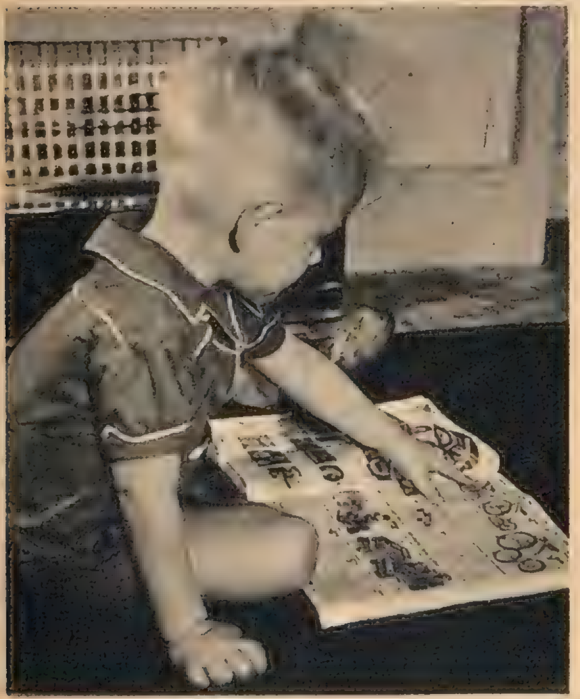
INTERNATIONAL

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS

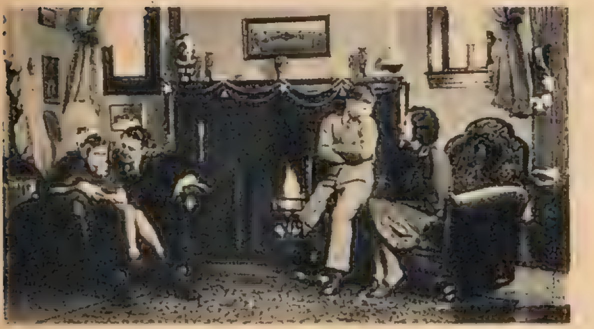
CONTEST



FIRST PRIZE
by Leonard N. Fosburg, Los Angeles, Calif.



SECOND PRIZE
George I. Fetzer, Dallas, Tex.



A $5 WINNER
by S. W. Steinson, Yorkton, Sask.

Advertisement

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$50 FIRST PRIZE
Leonard N. Fosburg, Los Angeles, Calif.

$25 SECOND PRIZE
George I. Fetzer, Dallas, Tex.

TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

Bill Allen, Fort Smith, Ark.; Mrs. T. E. Boyett, Waco, Tex.; John A. Brown, Duluth, Minn.; M. S. Browning, Ogden, Utah; Mrs. C. A. Coe, Wenatchee, Wash.; Mrs. Karl B. Cuesta, Tampa, Fla.; Daniel H. Fahrney, Hagerstown, Md.; D. J. Fogle, Tipp City, Ohio; John C. Haberstroh, Livingston, Mont.; Mrs. Rose Harris, Killdeer, N. D.; William C. Jones, Quantico, Va.; Mrs. F. V. Kallenbach, Eugene, Mo.; William L. May, Alhambra, Calif.; John W. McCurdy, Pittsburgh, Pa.; L. D. Merrill, Portland, Ore.; Elmer L. Onstott, St. Louis, Mo.; G. L. Osmanson, Morris, Ill.; Carolyn Ramsey, Marshall, Tex.; A. Nelson Rice, North Sydney, N. S.; Mrs. W. H. Robinson, Pierceville, Ind.; Mary R. Smith, Garden City, N. Y.; Mrs. J. C. Snyder, Lodi, Calif.; Norman B. Sproul, Halifax, N. S.; S. W. Steinson, Yorkton, Sask.; James M. Stephenson, Lockport, Ill.

THIS IS THE FINAL WEEK!

LET the announcement of the winners in the fourth week of the International Home Life Snapshots Contest on this page inspire you to redouble your efforts to capture a prize in this final week of the competition. And keep in mind, as you look for a prize-worthy scene about your home, that there is a special prize of $100 awaiting some one at the close of the contest for the best interior submitted. The closing date of this week's contest is Monday, January 16, which gives you ample time to get an entry in before the dead line. By all means make the most of this last opportunity of the series. And watch for the big new contest that will get under way next week.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated January 7, 1939, Liberty will award $200 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted in accordance with the following rules by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There are no restrictions regarding size of prints. If enlargements are submitted, the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached. Send no negatives until requested.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after October 26, 1938, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will, upon request, submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Each print submitted must have the name and full address of the entrant plainly printed on the back. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

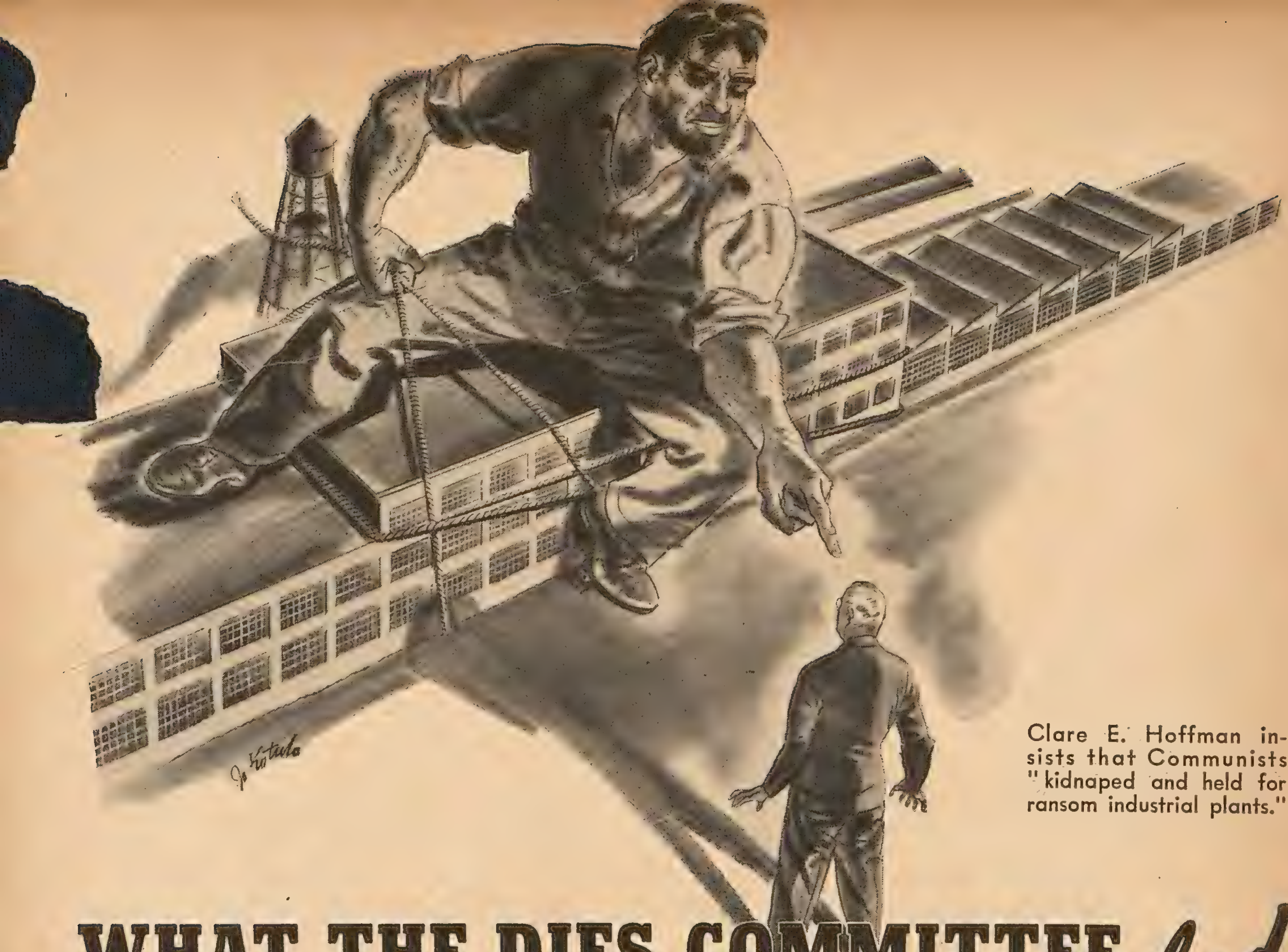
6. The first week's contest closed Monday, November 14, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including January 16, 1939, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot, in order to win a prize, must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. On that basis each week of the contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the First Prize of $50. The Second Prize of $25 will be awarded to the second best, and prizes of $5 each will be awarded to the twenty-five entries next in order of excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL INTERIOR AWARD!

In addition to the regular weekly cash prizes, at the close of the ten weeks' series Liberty will award a special prize of $100 for the best interior shot submitted during the competition. This is over and above any prize that may have already been awarded such print.



Clare E. Hoffman insists that Communists "kidnaped and held for ransom industrial plants."

WHAT THE DIES COMMITTEE *Overlooked*

BY DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

Here are things every American should know—A startling revelation of facts

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART THREE—COMMUNISM AND OUR SCHOOLS

WHEREVER youth forgathers, the masked figure in red intrudes. By capturing our children, Communism hopes to control our future. When the National Youth Administration was formed, subversive elements immediately horned in. The auras of some of those holding important and influential positions in the N. Y. A. undoubtedly vary from shades of pink to vermilion. It includes Communist sympathizers, if not actual Communists.

Communism has gained a foothold in our educational system. "Our newspapers and our literature," boasts Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party, and its Presidential candidate, "penetrate almost everywhere in America." Sharply questioned, Mr. Browder identified specifically the existence of Communist units in the high schools and colleges of New York City. He mentioned Teachers College, Brooklyn College, the College of the City of New York, the Evander Childs High School, etc.

But New York is not the only hunting ground of Communism. Walter S. Steele, editor of the National Republic Magazine and secretary of the American Coalition, an organization representing 109 patriotic civic and fraternal societies, enumerated 500 Communist centers in American cities in the public hearing before the Special Committee on un-American Activities. But there are many thousand more, known only to the Central Committee of the Communist Party in the United States and its overlords in the U. S. S. R.

Communism maintains its own schools for its elect. One radical institution in New York City boasts of 10,000 enrolled Communist students. But the Communist influence in state-controlled and private schools is even more dangerous, because it is more insidious. Witnesses before the Dies Committee laid special stress on the infiltration by Communists of the Teachers Union, particularly in New York City.

It is no secret that Communist teachers in public schools deliberately encourage pupils to resist authority. Pupils wantonly absent themselves from the classroom whenever the Communist Party or its pacifist friends decree an unscheduled and illegal holiday. I understand, from inquiries among educators and pupils, that Communist teachers favor Communist pupils at the expense of others and try to secure for them special privileges. The Reds in our schools may not teach unadulterated

HERE ARE THE WINNERS!

Liberty's $1,000 Wisecracks Contest

FIRST PRIZE, $250

John D. Costlow
Baltimore, Md.

SECOND PRIZE, $100

T. A. Calkins
Inglewood, Calif.

FOUR PRIZES, EACH $25

H. L. Olson, Jewett, Wis.; W. W. Rogers, Olympia, Wash.; Dr. H. H. Stoops, Pennsboro, W. Va.; E. M. Yetman, Cleveland, Ohio.

FIFTEEN PRIZES, EACH $10

Mrs. Carl J. Anderson, Albuquerque, N. M.; C. A. Anderson, Milwaukee, Wis.; Blanche Bacon, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Henry N. Bliss, Washington, D. C.; Italia Conti, Alameda, Calif.; Mrs. Belle Evans, Augusta, Me.; Mrs. Lillian Firsching, Jamaica, N. Y.; Amelia Fust, Louisville, Ky.; Ralph R. Jacoby, Plymouth, Ind.; Mrs. C. H. Jerome, Upper Darby, Pa.; Laura E. Linden, Tarentum, Pa.; Mrs. Helen G. Mills, Olympia, Wash.; Orville Read, Hockley, Tex.; Judge Roberts, New York, N. Y.; C. O. Scoville, Capitola, Calif.

EIGHTY PRIZES, EACH $5

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Communism in the classroom, but they well know how a lifted eyebrow or a crooked smile can sow the seed of doubt in young minds and destroy faith in American institutions.

Daily, Communism, masked in respectable garb, invites educators and pupils to join the Red dance of death. I myself, some four or five years ago, heard a young Communist at a peace meeting entreat boys from many fashionable private schools to join the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, not as a patriotic duty, but "to turn their guns against their bosses" at the critical moment. That was good Communist doctrine then; it still is today, notwithstanding polite disavowals.

The American Youth Congress, honored by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt with her presence, has frequently been described as an auxiliary of the Communist Party. Communism certainly looks upon it as its foster child. The Communists very cleverly stole the movement from the patriots who originated the idea. In recent years, as Congressman Hoffman remarks in Camp News, official publication of the Patriotic Order of Sons of America, some of us have been amazed at the ability of our youth to carry through large programs affecting legislative and local programs. Our youth, Hoffman contends—and experts agree with him—are simply pawns on the Communist board, moving at the dictates of most astute propagandists. Few of these zealous young Americans realize that they are being used as shock troops for Karl Marx and Stalin. Many, Hoffman admits, if they knew the truth, would spurn an alliance with such an un-American organization as the Youth Congress.

WHILE attempting to entice youth into its net, Communism is most active in labor's ranks. "We Communists realize," Earl Browder explains, "that a strong organized labor movement is the main bulwark against the rise of Fascism and the basis for a mass Farmer-Labor Party. The trade-unions are schools in which the workers learn the elementary lessons of the class struggle and through which they grow to more conscious and more effective fighters against capitalism." "The Communist Party," chimes in his colleague, national chairman of the Reds and repeatedly its standard-bearer in Presidential elections, William Z. Foster, "heartily supports the C. I. O. organizing campaign in the steel, automobile, rubber, glass, textile, oil, etc., industries, and it mobilizes all its forces to assist in this work."

John P. Frey, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, testified before the Dies Committee that Communists hold "key positions" in the C. I. O. and that 284 alleged Communists are on its pay roll. This led to indignant denials from the persons accused. Both politics and union politics entered into the picture. It was said that Mr. Frey was a prejudiced witness. Perhaps he was. But fourteen years ago John L. Lewis himself, in a report to Congress in behalf of the Mine Workers of America, accused the Communists of "attempting to seize the American labor movement." He drew up nine indictments, charging that, "through conquest and subjugation of the Labor Units, and conversion and mobilization of farmers and other related groups, Communism in the United States aimed to accomplish a condition similar to that which now prevails in Russia."

What Mr. Lewis said then is still true today. The American Federation of Labor is still fighting Communis[illegible] tooth and nail, but Mr. Lewis seems [illegible] have weakened. In the C. I. O., [illegible] the Anti-Communist League of Am[illegible]ica points out, he collaborated w[illegible] the very forces which he assailed in his sensational indictment of Communism. These forces have introduced the sit-down strike and other alien importations into the American labor movement. The methods employed are acknowledged tactics of Communism. There is evidence that Lewis now attempts to shake the Communists off his coattails. But will he be able to "liquidate" these "fellow travelers," who have no straight ticket to Moscow?

A WITNESS before the Dies Committee accused Governor Murphy of Michigan of having betrayed his oath of office by failing to carry out the law against the lawless tactics in class warfare. Here President Roosevelt took a hand and sharply rebuked the Dies Committee. I shall not attempt to decide the issue. The Hon. Clare E. Hoffman of Michigan insists that Communists "kidnaped and held for ransom industrial plants until workers and owners met their demands."

In General Motors these subversive forces "caused a loss to wage earners of a million dollars a day for forty-two days." In Chrysler "the damage amounted to ten million dollars." The loss "entailed by retail merchants in Detroit was six million dollars." Wholesalers "suffered to the tune of $7,750,000. Like foraging armies [these forces] have held possession of executive offices and seized hotels and barrooms to help themselves to food and drink."

They have—I am still following the résumé of Congressman Hoffman—"taken possession of railroads engaged in interstate commerce and prevented the moving of freight. They have shot down airplanes carrying food to besieged workers, and endangered the lives of pilots. In Pontiac and other places they have taken steps toward the confiscation of property, a necessary prelude to a successful Communist revolution, by refusing to pay rent, except at their own figure. Marching armed and breathing threats of violence, they have carried the Red banner from state to state, from city to city."

Peaceful workers, Hoffman goes on to say, have been assaulted; peaceful homes picketed, courts defied. The Red in the labor movement "claims the special privilege of beating workers, of destroying property, and escaping punishment therefor." They have "interfered with the United States mails; attempted to stop the reopening of steel mills; cut off electric light and power in large areas, endangering the lives and health of law-abiding citizens." They have "even taken possession of the capital of a great [illegible]—Lansing, Michigan, stopping [illegible] and business, driving buses [illegible]xicabs off the streets, closing [illegible]aper plants, barbershops, and [illegible]urants." They have created a [illegible]military organization as "flying [illegible]adrons" for acts of violence. They have boasted of their ability to corrupt the National Guard and defied the forces of government."

That is pretty strong language. But it can be verified from the newspapers of the last few years. A great deal of attention was paid by the Dies Committee to Harry Bridges, who is accused of disorganizing American shipping, although he is not a citizen. It is alleged that he cannot establish his legal entry into this country. The accusation that Madam Perkins is protecting Bridges led to an animated controversy between the committee and that pugnacious lady. Mr. Dies hinted that Madam Perkins should be impeached. No doubt the immediate future will elucidate some of the points at issue. Meanwhile Communist marine workers continued to agitate for the right of crews to "strike," even on the high seas. They proposed to organize "ships' committees"—little Soviets—to assume functions formerly reserved for the captain. Some sort of peace seems to have been patched up. But radical organizers have given a black eye to the American merchant marine.

Many Americans among the crews and in the unions are disgusted by Communist tactics, but as Joseph P. Ryan, foe of Communism, remarks, the rank and file of American seamen are helpless. Some time ago Mr. Ryan testified before the McNaboe Commission that the Communists poured five million dollars into a single strike. Today they dominate not only American shipping lanes but some phases of radiotelegraphy. It is charged that at a recent meeting of 150 delegates representing 15,000 workers in telegraph companies, radio land lines, radio stations at sea, and on aviation fields, Communist speakers dominated the scene. It is not difficult to imagine to what extent even a few Communists or Communist "fellow travelers," more loyal to Moscow than to Washington, could paralyze American communications or mislead the government and the public by false or garbled dispatches in case of war or revolution. Even one man, according to expert testimony given by the Navy Intelligence Service, if equipped with technical knowledge, can put a battleship out of commission. The harm that can be done by Communists to transportation and communications is incalculable.

Of late, according to advices from Communist sources, the Communist Party is developing unusual activities among the railroads. The Communists have created "new" railroad concentration units. It is their intention to organize such units at every railroad terminal in every American city. Sex appeal will not be neglected. But most attention will be given to the trackmen. They are the men who carefully cover every mile of the rails every twenty-four hours. They see to it that there are no broken rails and no obstacles placed in the path of the train by wreckers. If trackwalkers strike, all trains must stop, or move at enormous hazards.

Space does not permit me to list all activities among transport workers and automobile factories. Here too there have been fireworks before the Dies Committee and in the meetings of contesting factions of great labor unions. Nor do subversive influences end there. I myself have seen a "shop paper" published by a Communist unit within the ramparts of a great utility company supplying one of our large cities with power and light. With communication, transportation, and public utilities invaded, it is possible for the Communists and Communist sympathizers to disorganize all traffic and stop all supplies for food markets and factories, on orders from Moscow.

Were a Red revolution to come upon us, what would warn us? The Moscow-prepared revolutionary program will be laid bare by Mr. Wickets in his concluding articles next week!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 30

1—Henry Miller.
2—The tomato.
3—Clifford Odets.
4—The Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.
5—The liver.
6—San Diego, California.
7—Milk.
8—Wood and steel.
9—Amos; Amos 6:1-5—"Woe to them that . . . chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of musick."
10—Mercury.
11—The United States of America.
12—Because his fee would likely be larger.
13—Asia Minor.
14—A lightweight.
15—In neither; the saber-toothed tiger is extinct.
16—Bicarbonate of soda.
17—Neither has an outlet; both are very salty.
18—By creating furrows, eating their way through the soil. The earth thereby is "air-conditioned" and its fertility increased by digestive fluids expelled by the earthworms.
19—The Music Goes Round and Round.
20—

Frank Capra

COUGHS, TICKLE
Huskiness Due to Colds

MEDICATED BATH GIVES QUICK RELIEF

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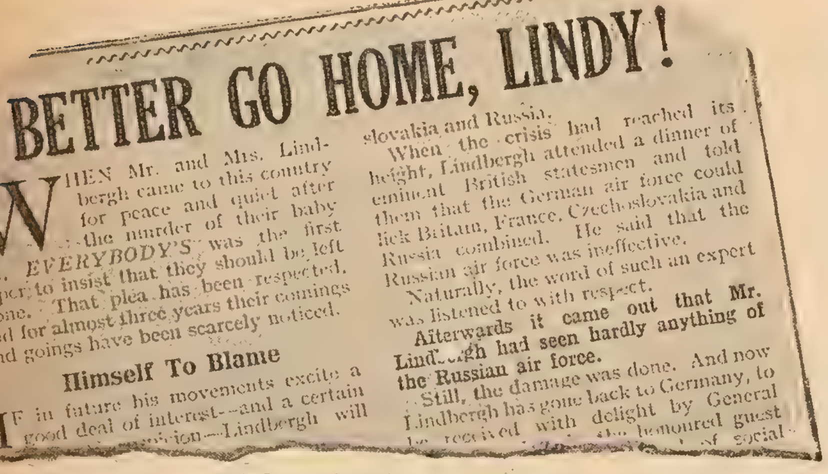
VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Ought Lindy Follow English Paper's Advice?

LONDON, ENGLAND—As part of the American colony living in London, it is bad enough that at this time of the year we must suffer (through no fault of Great Britain) the fogs and damp humid weather, with no central heating, without being told that our great hero is an obnoxious meddler, and possibly the face of Europe might be a little different today had not Lindbergh made a statement concerning Russia with such seeming sincerity and enthusiasm. Surely you know what I'm driving at.

I refer to the statement he made that Russia had some wonderful equipment but that it had killed all its generals.



BETTER GO HOME, LINDY!

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Lindbergh came to this country for peace and quiet after the murder of their baby son, EVERYBODY'S was the first paper to insist that they should be left alone. That plea has been respected, and for almost three years their comings and goings have been scarcely noticed.

Himself To Blame

IF in future his movements excite a good deal of interest—and a certain [illegible]sion—Lindbergh will

slovakia and Russia.

When the crisis had reached its height, Lindbergh attended a dinner of eminent British statesmen and told them that the German air force could lick Britain, France, Czechoslovakia and Russia combined. He said that the Russian air force was ineffective.

Naturally, the word of such an expert was listened to with respect.

Afterwards it came out that Mr. Lindbergh had seen hardly anything of the Russian air force.

Still, the damage was done. And now Lindbergh has gone back to Germany, to be received with delight by General [illegible] the honoured guest [illegible] of social

This was all taken as truly authentic and carried considerable weight with the thinking masses over here. We all knew that, due to sit-down strikes and labor troubles, France was in a very weakened condition, but none of us knew the actual position of Russia; so that with open arms we welcomed authentic news, good or bad.

Our illusions now have been completely shattered when we find that this gentleman is now being considered as a snooper (see enclosed clipping from Everybody's Weekly, November 5, 1938), and that, after putting over the idea of Russia's weakness and stating that Germany had the strongest forces in the world, he shows his hand by going to Germany and receiving the second highest honor that any aviator can receive, namely, the Order of the German Cross with Star.

So I say, as one full-blooded American, "For heaven's sake, let us get our hero back to America where he belongs, for he is certainly a sore spot over here."

I am appealing to your good paper to write an article or a series of articles under the heading, "Let us bring home our 'bad boy' before it is too late and we are entangled, through his interference, in further political strife, making it more uncomfortable for Americans living abroad."—*Thomas Edwardian.*

I Was at the End of Things—and I Prayed

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.—Yes, I was broke—one of the brokest persons in the world. For, at the age of thirty-seven, I had not only lost a life's saving but my will to carry on as well. I had lost the little celestial spark of fire that spurs one on to greater action. Since I had nothing to lose and everything to gain, I decided to take a chance—the type of chance I had never taken before. I am a schoolteacher by training and experience. I had taught for about eighteen years. My financial ventures were what one might call a side line, but enough of a side line to result in the total loss of all that I had earned, and inherited from my father's estate.

Somewhere in the Cumberland Mountains, after having tramped the highways for three days with little success of securing rides and after having gone for more than two days without a bite to eat and a place to sleep—with my back against the wall, so to speak, I sat down on the side of the road to rest. It so happened that I had a copy of the New Testament in my vest pocket, which I opened to a certain chapter of St. Matthew and read: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." After reading this, I prayed as I had never prayed before, and only as one can pray who is in the very slough of despond.

That night I spent in a barn. I was too weak and tired to pray, but my thoughts were sincere. I was up and on the highway early. I had not gone very far when I saw a magazine on the side of the road, which I picked up. It carried several pages of school advertising. I wrote one of the schools for a position. The letter was written on very cheap stationery. I gave my address as a town about two hundred miles from where I was. I did not know how I would reach this town, but I did in about five days. I called for my mail, and was handed a letter sent by air mail, offering me a job if it were possible for me to begin work within two weeks.

Well, I had a job, and not a penny for a telegram or transportation. Now I had something definite in view which not only gave me hope but courage and physical stamina. So I walked through the little town with my head up, but in the meantime muttering, "God, help me. Please, God, help me." I took my stand on a concrete bridge on the western suburb of this little town, and the very first man I thumbed gave me a lift for one hundred and seventy-six miles. My benefactor was very talkative and he quizzed me about everything between heaven and earth.

When we reached the parting of our ways he handed me the biggest fifty cents I ever saw in my life and eve hope to see again, which I used cepting the position offered me

I know that job was the r prayer, and I have had many su swers since. I am convinced that founded on prayer in the spirit o lowly Nazarene is the most comfor life one can live.—*R. H. Holliday.*

TOURISTS TAKING TOO MUCH AIR OUT OF COUNTRY!

PORTLAND, ORE.—The following may help clear up the California situation that has had all of us infidel unbelievers puzzled all these years—what with its weather, its Townsend Plan, the Mooney muddle, etc., etc.

An Iowa refugee and his wife recently moved up here from Los Angeles, and in all seriousness and childlike faith told me that the tourists were taking so much oxygen out of the country in their auto tires that it was undermining people's health by thinning out the air.

They say a man can't live without brains, but I offer you this as positive proof.—*Buck Nye.*

AN IRREVERENT ALARM CLOCK

PATERSON, N. J.—Sure, I can tie those stories of Blanche K. (October 15, 22 Vox Pop). Here goes.

My mother sent me to a store one day to get a clock that had been left there for repairs.

I got the clock, but on my way back I had to keep a date to meet a couple of girl friends to go to a church service.

Well, we got in church, and just at the most solemn part of the service the alarm went off with a bang! Not knowing the alarm had been set, you can imagine how humiliated I was.

RING
RING
RING-G-G
RING

It certainly stirred things up for a few minutes. The ushers and all the attendants got busy with the fire extinguishers, and you should have seen the rush for the doors.

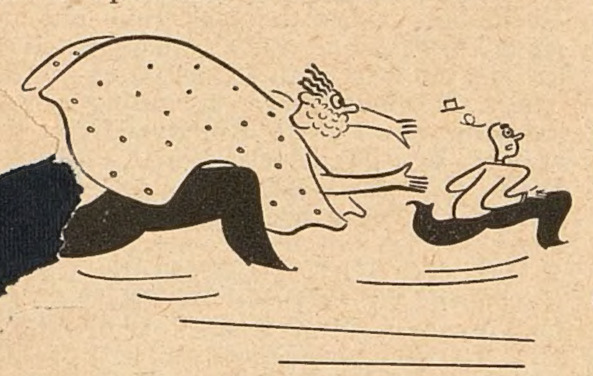
I managed to get lost in the crowd, and when I got home the whole family piled on me with abuse, excepting mother. She was the only one that saw the funny side.—*K. V. D.*

OUCH HIS EAR AND JACK PEARL WILL CHASE YOU

TAMPA, FLA.—Jack Pearl is one of he most superstitious performers in the show business. For every appearance he dons the same tie he wore when he stepped out in front of the footlights for the first time. Every pocket of his pants, vest, and coat is filled with charms and good-luck pieces.

But Broadway knows him best for his phobia about having the lobe of his ear touched. Touch his ear, and Pearl will chase you across the continent to touch yours in return. Eddie Cantor once grabbed Jack's ear while Pearl was being shaved.

Lather on his face and with the barber's sheet tied around his midriff, Pearl chased Cantor down the street to return the compliment.—*K. P. Anderson.*



HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS PROTEST MISS WATERBURY'S STATEMENT

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In Ruth Waterbury's article about Walt Disney (November 26 Liberty) she states that every studio is on the six-day week except Disney's.

This is pure bunk. The fact is, every studio but two is on the five-day week, and has been for the longest time. One of the two *six-day-week* studios is *Disney's!*

Is Ruth Waterbury trying to belittle the other organizations? Give us fair play. — *Representatives from Walt Lantz Studios, Schlessinger Studios, UB Iwerks Studios, Harman-Ising Studios, and Chas. Mintz Studios.*

FISHERMAN ASKS FOR PHASES OF THE MOON

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Is it too late to have the phases of the moon shown on your next cover calendar? You see, we hunters and fishermen often plan trips months ahead, and I, for one, like to go trout fishing in Ontario in June, July, or August.

I am now planning the trip, and would like to start it when the moon is at the quarter, be up there while it is full, and return when this phase is passing.

As it is, I now must wait until somebody throws an almanac on our front porch to find out just when these phases occur. Your calendar is always on my desk, and were the cycles included I could tell at a glance when to start a trip. It's only a small matter to you, but it bulks large to outdoors men.—*William Underwood.*

[Sorry, Mr. Underwood, but your suggestion came too late. Why not mark the dates on your Liberty calendar with phases of the moon? That wouldn't take much time.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

WORTH OF THE FIRST AND THE LAST PAGES

HELENA, ARK.—May I register a complaint? You are giving too much for the money, and wasting valuable paper: The first and last pages of your November 26 issue (Macfadden's editorial and Oursler's page) are worth many times the cost of the entire magazine.—*Jo M. Walker.*

ENTHUSIASTIC SAILOR FINISHES PARADISE KATE

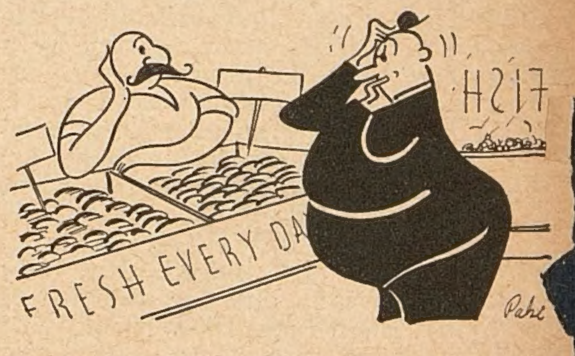
U. S. S. ASHEVILLE, SHANGHAI, CHINA—Just finished a story chock-full of entertainment, thrills, mystery, romance, and adventure—a story which is entirely different from the average run of fiction one reads in books and magazines of today—a story which is almost real, almost describing life itself.

I have just finished reading Paradise Kate in Liberty of October 1. Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot should be duly complimented—*F. J. Urmann.*

TWENTY QUESTIONS E DOESN'T KNOW HIS CLAMS

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Any readers of November 26 Twenty Questions who do not know their clams should not buy quahogs if they want the delicious littlenecks.

Evidently the editor of this feature doesn't know his sea food, or such an error would never have been allowed in print.—*Walter S. Welton.*



IT'S OUR POLICY TO GIVE EVERY ONE A HEARING

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—Mr. Macfadden wrote an editorial titled Throw Out the Foreign Traitors (November 26 Liberty). Fine words, and it should be done!

However, Mr. Macfadden, who says he is opposed to all isms other than Americanism, on the following two pages prints an article written by Leon Trotsky, one of the original slaughterers of the Russian people, and would be a slaughterer of our people if he could.

Why waste good reading space on such archfiends as Trotsky, Stalin, and others who we know are opposed to our form of government? They would disrupt our nation in a split second if they had the opportunity. Why give readers their side of the story?

Why not give that spac to promoting good will toward one another, and to Americans for Americanism?—*H. C.*

LET'S BE BROAD-MINDED, SAYS THIS ALASKAN

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA Why slow down E. Shealy (September 10 Vo Pop)? Can't you take it C. B. Smith (November 5 Vox Pop)?

Did Herbie Hoover eve have an idea except the one mentioned in V. M D.'s letter (September 1 Vox Pop)?

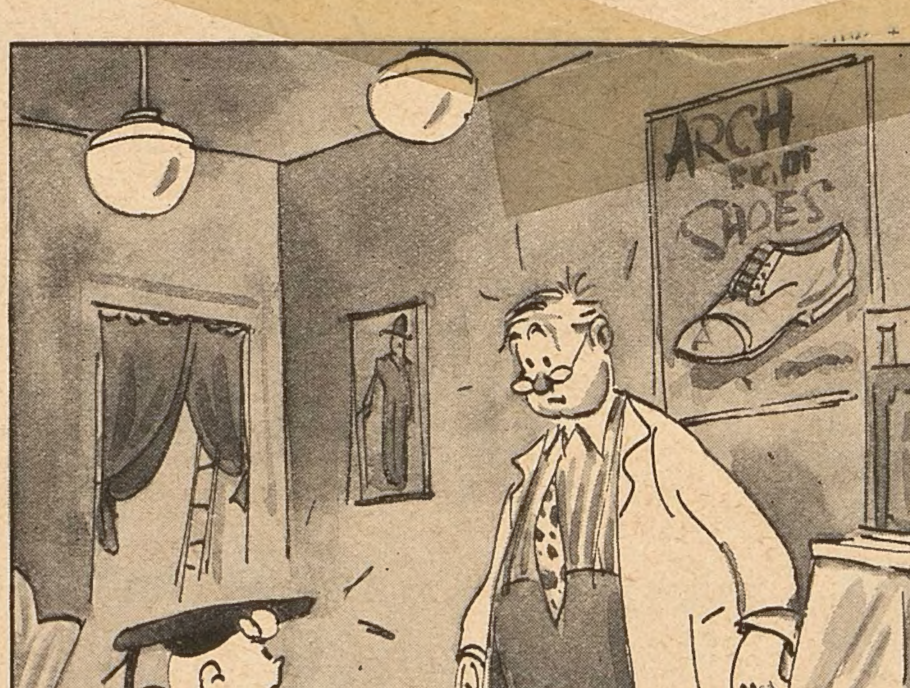
Why pass the buck to Hoover's Congress?

I don't believe there wa any mustard for the ho dogs about that time.

Let's be broad-minded and give credit where it is due—to a real American who is for Americans—President Roosevelt.

Long may he rave!—*E. Roberts.*

"HARDTACK"



"I'm bringing back these slippers you sold my father—they gave me a blister!"

ANTHONY EDEN COMES TO LIBERTY

WE THINK that next week's issue of Liberty is one of the most exciting and truly one of the most important that we have ever published. It is, we are glad to say, an example of the consistently greater magazine—greater in entertainment, information, and inspiration —that we pledge ourselves to give you throughout this new year. Leading a brilliant list of contributors is an article of world-wide importance written by a figure of world-wide interest—Anthony Eden, greater in his downfall as a British statesman than ever he seemed to be in victory. Eden has written for Liberty an article to which he has given the title, GREAT BRITAIN: THE OUTLOOK FOR FREEDOM. To many, at outlook is dark indeed. Not only r Great Britain but for the whole world. Mr. Eden faces the outlook with uncompromising frankness. He does not, as the saying goes, mince matters, but he is not a pessimist about those ideals to which we all cling as liberals with common sense. Hope for a free world is not dead in the heart of Anthony Eden. That is good news. There is knowledge, there is truth, there is hope, and perhaps prophecy, in these words that he has written. We are proud to publish this distinguished contribution and to have Anthony Eden join the long list of notable men and women, including President Roosevelt, Mussolini, Hitler, and so many others who have become contributors to Liberty in order that their message may reach the greatest group of thinking people in the United States and Canada. . . . Turning from world affairs to domestic problems, we present another distinguished article by Walter Karig with the somewhat scalawag title, WILL CONGRESS RAISE HELL? We in this country have just passed through a great series of state elections, the results of which startled the country. The prestige of he New Deal has been dimmed. The ines of the opposition have been augmented by new members of the Congress who are now about to assemble. What is going to happen in Washington? Are we in for a series of clashes between the White House and the Capitol? Is new legislation to be proposed only to be bitterly fought? Will the new Congress work with the President, or, perhaps more properly, can the President work with the new Congress? Mr. Karig s talked to representatives and senars and to others who seem to speak or the White House. His forecast of his session of the national legislature informing, exciting, and heartening. Every intelligent American ought to read it. . . . FROM ALL THIS, however, you must not gather that the forthcoming issue is filled only with political discussion. Far from it. The greatest love rogue in history, Casanova of the thousand conquests, comes back to Liberty next week in the first installment of a new John Erskine novel. It s called CASANOVA'S STRANGEST LOVE. Here you will find all the sly humor, the romance, the worldly wisdom, and the sweet deep understanding of human nature which has distinguished all of Erskine's stories. Here is the great lover in his most extraordinary boudoir predicament. A tale, *messieurs t mesdames*, which is likely to bring wisdom to the young and stir youth again in the heart of age. . . . Another extraordinary feature of next week's issue has to do with a deathbed confession. The story told by a dying man, sworn to in the presence of his wife and attorney to a Liberty writer, seems to turn upside down the evidence in what has been called New York's most famous crime. We refer, of course, to the Becker case. That was a long time ago; but the widow of Lieutenant Becker is still alive and still believes in her husband's innocence, even though he was burned to death in the electric chair. In New York there is a sidewalk legend that she planned a tombstone over the grave, bearing the inscription, "Murdered by the State," but I have never met any one who has seen it. Yet, if this deathbed confession is true, then Lieutenant Becker died innocent of the charges brought against him. You will remember that the gambler, Rosenthal, had decided to "squeal," as the underworld will have it. On the night before he was to testify before a grand jury, he was called to the front of the Metropole Hotel on Forty-third Street just off Broadway. Four men killed him. Five men died for the crime—four gangsters with such dime-novel names as "Lefty Louie" and "Gyp the Blood," and Lieutenant Charles Becker of the New York Police Department. Now comes the voice of conscience speaking on the threshold of death. The words are: "I lied in court. I swore Becker's life away. He didn't do it. Now I shall name the really guilty person, who today walks the streets of New York City." The whole story of the Becker case takes on a new cast with this confession. It begins in Liberty next week under the title, MURDERED BY THE STATE? by Alan Hynd. . . . There is much more to come. For instance the fascinating subject of television. Last year probably every one of you who reads these words listened to some favorite program on the radio, and watched a moving picture on the screen. This year of 1939 many of you are going to watch and listen to sounds and pictures of living people brought into your own homes. Television is here. And who could tell you more about it, what to expect, what the machines will be like, what the programs will be like, than Lenox R. Lohr, president of the National Broadcasting Company? We have pestered Mr. Lohr for more than a year, intriguing him to tell the readers of Liberty what to expect of television. He is one of the busiest men in New York, but at last he took time out to sit down and tell you all about it. His article, too, will be in Liberty next week There is much more, including some amazing news from Hollywood in the article by Frederick Lewis, THEY HAD BILL POWELL MARKED DEATH. There are two of the short stories we have ever publis A YOUNG MAN'S GAME, by Rog Garis, and IT WORKS BOTH WAYS, by Edward L. McKenna. More of FLYING GOBS, more about WHAT THE DIES COMMITTEE OVERLOOKED, the thrilling wind-up to Brenda Ueland's serial, and many other features are included. We know you won't want to miss this exciting magazine.

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

Just Plain Damn Fools.................Bernarr Macfadden 3

SHORT STORIES

She Hadn't Got Rhythm...........................Elmer Davis 7
The Space Between—Liberty's Short Short...Robert Brummer 21
Corey-Belle Loves— ....Helen Hedrick 26

SERIALS

Flying Gobs--Part I.......................George E. Sprague 14
Warmer Tonight—Part III............................Brenda Ueland 22
Rockaby Brady—Conclusion.....................Edward Doherty 40
What the Dies Committee Overlooked—Part III
Donald Furthman Wickets 49

ARTICLES

Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team
Norman L. Sper 4
What We Fight For.........................Yosuke Matsuoka 13
Home-Town Sucker Makes Good.........Frederick L. Collins 17
I Am a Prejudiced Southerner......................Frances Ransom 31
The American Way of Life.............George E. Sokolsky 35
Is There a Future for Today's Young Men?..Frederick Lewis 38
Black Pythoness..........................Commander Attilio Gatti 44
Taxes on the Half Shell.................................Jay Franklin 46

FEATURES

To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 20; Twenty Questions, 30; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 33; Crossword Puzzle, 47; $2,100 Home Life Snapshots Contest, 48; Vox Pop, 52.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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Turn your HUMOR into MONEY by SIDNEY K. MARGOLIS
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